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SPEED TEST

LIBRARY 23 JUN 1943 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

"Take care of yourself. Don't let anything happen," Mickey pleaded anxiously.

WARMED and ready, experimental X507 stood now on the concrete apron of the hangar, looking perhaps to the inexperienced eye altogether too fat, too short, with a pair of oversized motors mounted in stubby wings that were hardly wings at all.

But to Art Riley, standing off from the crowd alone, X507 looked exactly like what she was, a fast, hot, murderous beauty—a test pilot's dream.

What she could actually do was only to be known to a few chosen officials of Pacific Aircraft—and to the Army Board. The Army had great hopes of this new attack plane, designed and built by Pacific, and this secret dawn flight, non-stop across three-quarters of the continent, was to prove whether or not those hopes were justified.

X507 had given Art Riley plenty to dream about. Flying here in the preliminary tests this past week, he had hoped desperately that he would be the pilot chosen for the flight.

It meant so much. For if he made good on a flight like that, he would really rate something, and that meant he would at last have the courage to ask Mickey Lee to marry him.

So for a week he had built a dream around X507. It had ended yesterday afternoon when the flight was posted, the pilot Tex Arnold.

As a sop to his feelings, Art supposed, or maybe because he was familiar with the first mountainous jump to Salt Lake City and Tex wasn't, he had been given the co-pilot's place. Meaning what? That he was going along for a ride, a passenger, nothing more!

Smoking a cigarette, the last he'd have for many hours, he was thankful that Mickey Lee hadn't come to watch his dawn take-off. He had talked too much to her this past week. Blatting, he called it now, letting her see what he felt, thinking then that he had a chance to pilot this flight.

Over at X507 he saw a mechanic pull the fuel hose from the wing tank. The motors burst into a sudden roar, then dropped again to an idling mutter. It wouldn't be long now.

He took a deep pull on his cigarette to finish it, and saw a grey coupe race in through the plant gates, a hand thrust from its window showing the guard a pass. Then it had halted off at the hangar's end. The door opened. Mickey Lee!

Art dropped his cigarette. But even as he ground it beneath his heel to put it out and started towards the girl, a tall shape pushed quickly through the crowd around the plane and got to her first.

He halted, watching Tex Arnold reach into the car and pull Mickey towards him, his red head bent above her. They were laughing and talking, their voices mingled; and it came to Art, bitterly, how often things had happened like this — Tex getting there first.

The trouble was, Tex Arnold knew something that Art Riley had tried hard to forget. On his air-line record there was a black mark. "Faulty judgment in an emergency." It hadn't been bad enough to get his licence revoked nor lose his job.

In his own mind it wasn't even faulty judgment. Flying blind in a storm he had simply followed a beam which had gone off true, crashing in a mountain valley with no loss of life. But the Safety Board said he should have turned back. They hadn't listened much to his statement that he couldn't find a way back, led off course as he had been. He'd had to take the rap.

From behind him around X507 there came a rise of voices. A mechanic called, "Check, okay!" In front of him the vague shapes at Mickey's car separated.

Tex started back to the plane. Tall, big, hunched a little as he pulled his helmet on, he veered and came towards Art. Gruffly, he said, "Let's go."

"Just a minute," Art said.

"No. Right now!"

"Say." Art jerked around, squinting up at the bigger man. "Sort of quick in giving me orders, Tex. We aren't in the air yet."

"Okay." Tex Arnold shrugged. "If you don't want the job——" He wheeled and walked on.

"Art!"

He hadn't seen Mickey hop from the car and come towards them. She was close. She had heard.

Quickly, she said, "Don't stop. Go on." Her hand was on his arm, giving him a little push, but then held him briefly. "Good luck, Art! Good luck to you!"

"Good luck to me?" He gave a wry grin. "Maybe you haven't heard. I'm only going along for the ride."

"You're not!" she said stoutly. "You're co-pilot. That's something. Oh, Art . . ." Her eyes softened. "Take care of yourself. Don't let anything happen." With sudden impulse she stood on tiptoe and kissed him. "There!" Smiling, flushed, she pushed him on.

Walking fast, he caught up with Tex along the front of the hangar, saying nothing as they went on to the plane. McMurry, Pacific Aircraft president, was waiting to meet them. An Army major stood behind him, holding a watch to clock their start.

"Well," McMurry said, "you boys know what this means."

"Sure," Tex said easily, and grinned. "You go home and catch some sleep. Time you wake up I'll be checked in at Dayton."

He was buckling the straps of his chute harness, when a boy came running down from the control tower. He thrust a strip of teletype weather report into McMurry's hand.

McMurry glanced at it, a scowl deepening the seams of his rough face. He handed it to Tex, saying nothing.

Tex looked, shrugged and brought his eyes up to McMurry's. "Okay. I'm not worried."

Art held out his hand. But Tex ignored it, stuffed the teletype strip into the chest pocket of his leather coat and went on buckling his chute straps.

Just for an instant Art Riley's mouth drew tight. A co-pilot had the right to know. Blunt words shaped themselves to demand a look, then better judgment held them back. This was Tex Arnold's show.

Aboard the plane, Art ran his eyes over the instrument panel, checking heat, oil and fuel, heard the engines rev. up and synchronise smoothly, saw Tex give a nod. The ground crew jumped back. X507 was rolling.

In a quick side glance Art saw a blur of faces, and beyond them a small lone figure, Mickey, her arm upflung in a wave.

The roaring strength of three thousand horsepower yanked suddenly at the ship.

The run was short. Almost instantly they were in the air, with no need to circle for direction in the windless dawn. Tex held north by east in a climb not steep enough to stall, but enough to make a thrilling show. Crouched beside him, a little tense as he always felt when he was not at the controls himself, Art had to admit it—Tex was good!

Swiftly the altimeter wound up to eleven thousand feet. Sleeping towns lay in vague checkerboards beneath them.

Art plugged in his earphone cord, checking their reception of the Los Angeles beam which they were riding outward now, checked the instrument panel again, noting that Tex was holding the air speed steady at two-seventy-five. He logged his readings in the book, kept himself busy for a while.

Something, more his instinctive feel for the engines' smooth synchronisation than any sound, sent his eyes back to the instrument panel. The air speed was up to three hundred. They were making time. But everything was all right.

It wasn't until almost an hour had passed that Art began to think the air's brightness was too sharp.

Please turn to page 4

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THE GREATEST GOOD

She had only a fraction of a second to decide—should she save the morphia, or the man?

IT was a quiet night, but oppressively hot. In the distance across the strait could be heard the sound of guns, but on the island of Singapore itself there was that still hot calm that gets the imagination to work and creates the uneasy feeling of something momentous about to happen.

Maybe it was this laden hush of the tropics that had affected the nerves of the young Army nurse who sat in the nurses' quarters of the Singapore Hospital and stared at a letter from home . . . that and the news that was filtering across the strait from Johore.

It was bad news and, though no one talked of it much, everyone knew it would be worse as the days went on.

So it was that Helen Wilson, young, lovely, and eager, read her last letter from home with more irritation than joy. She flicked over a page and, with a sarcastic tone in her usually gentle voice, spoke to the nurse opposite.

"Dear me! Mum's been fined for jay-walking! Two pages about that!"

"Ugh?" The older woman merely grunted. She had been in the war longer and was not so easily hurt by it all. She was wont to console herself with the thought that it would all make interesting history after a few hundred years. At least, that was what she said.

Whether she really convinced herself nobody knew, but she had certainly failed to convert Helen Wilson, who continued to suffer with each individual soldier brought under her care. She looked up now and addressed the other woman indignantly.

"Listen to this," she said, and proceeded to read an extract from the letter in her hand. "Margery's quite ill with indecision . . . She can't make up her mind whether to have blue taffeta. Blue taffeta!" Her tone was stinging, but Anne Taylor only said: "Oh, shut up, can't you. I've almost forgotten what taffeta looks like. Who's Margery, anyway?"

"My young sister. Still at school when I left. Now she's busy making a debut . . ."

"Or what goes for one nowadays, eh? Well, it's a pretty foul time to make it . . . with every eligible male in camp. Is she like you?"

"To look at."

"Then," Taylor smiled, "I do think it's a shame. I had a rotten time when I made mine, but anyone with a face as pretty as yours has a right to expect a concourse of males."

Wilson looked at her in genuine astonishment. Taylor, she decided, was an extraordinary person. She'd make the greatest sacrifices herself; she'd seen men every day making greater ones, and yet she could be sorry because some little chit didn't have a partner at a dance. She said something of what was in her mind to the older woman, but Taylor merely shrugged and replied:

"Why not? I'm sorry for all the young things who are growing up now . . . not only for the young men who are giving everything, but for the girls who've lost the lads they've a right to. And, most of all, I feel sorry for the pretty ones. The others probably wouldn't have landed a man, anyway. Look at me, for instance."

"You're probably not married because you didn't want to be," said Wilson, and at that Taylor became suddenly serious again.

"Very nice of you, Wilson," she said, "but you're wrong. I think all I wanted in life was a man and a couple of kids. But, here," she added with a laugh, "pass me a fag or I'll be sobbing on your shoulder. Do you think it's this confounded heat that's unnerving me?"

"It's pretty frightful, isn't it?" Wilson answered. "And so quiet! I . . . I've a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach, Taylor."

"Probably that suet pudding they gave us for tea."

"No, it's a feeling that something's going to happen."

Taylor laughed shortly. "You can make up your mind to that, my girl," she said. "Something's going to happen all right . . . and it is not going to be a debut in blue taffeta. Now, would you mind shutting up. I want to read this." And she returned with determination to her letter. For a little time there was silence in the room. In the distance the guns could be heard, pounding continually.

Wilson got up and lit a cigarette and then moved restlessly round the small space that now did service as a rest room.

"For goodness' sake sit down, Wilson." Taylor spoke sharply, without looking up. "If you want to be any use in this war you can't afford to have nerves. You've got to be tough."

After a moment, however, she looked up at Wilson and spoke cheerfully. "Never mind, kid," she said. "Things could be worse. How would you like to be faced with this decision?" She indicated the letter in her hand and went on, "This is from Bretherton . . . she's in Malaya, and she's got a story here about one of their nurses that's a bit different. Want to hear?"

"If it's interesting."

"It is, if you like problems . . ."

"Oh . . ." Wilson sounded bored. "One of those dreadful questions like, 'Who would you save first, your father or your mother?' "

"Exactly! This nurse was up at a C.C. station that they'd set up in one of the buildings . . ."

"I didn't know they had nurses there," Wilson interrupted. "But I suppose we'll be surprised about various things in this war. Sorry," she added. "Go on."

"They had a batch of casualties just coming in. As luck had it, most of them hadn't reached the station and were out of range when a shell hit it. There were a few inside, however, and this nurse had a fraction of time before the whole thing collapsed to make up her mind what she'd do . . . try and rescue one of the men, or grab a consignment of morphia and run. The man was pinned down by a beam across his injured legs . . ."

"But there's no problem in that," Wilson replied in surprise. "There was only one thing to do."

"Yes," said Taylor, "but it wouldn't be an easy choice."

"I suppose not. Did she get him out all right?"

"But," Taylor looked up at her, "my dear babe, she didn't try. She grabbed the morphia." Wilson turned on her and stared, and on her face was disbelief and revulsion.

"Oh, no, Taylor!" she said. "I don't believe it. No woman could do that."

"I think a brave woman could."

"Then . . ." Wilson was bewildered . . . "then you think she was right?"

"Of course I think she was right," Taylor replied a little impatiently.

"Well, I don't. To leave a man . . ." She turned, and, moving to the door, flung it open. But the air there was no cooler. She brushed the moist hair from her forehead and tried not to picture that man's face; but it kept rising before her.

She wanted to talk about it . . . but it was no use expecting Taylor to understand. She could hear her now chuckling over something else in Bretherton's letter. Taylor, she decided, was certainly tough . . . and yet she could keep her temper with little fools like Margery! Blue taffeta! And that man out there . . . in the jungle . . .

Her thoughts were interrupted by a heavy tread in the passage, and, turning to Taylor, she announced: "Here comes the 'Battleaxe!' "

"Couldn't mistake that march of doom," Taylor replied, and returned to her letters as "Battleaxe" Forrest strode into the room.

A large, leathery woman, whose bark was worse than her bite, she now glared at Wilson, who had mumbled something about it being a nice night.

"What for?" she barked, "a retreat?"

"Well, not bad for that, either," Taylor entered the conversation, "but I can think of better things."

"At your age," Forrest snorted, and looked at her from under bushy eyebrows. "You should have got that out of your system! But I didn't come here to talk about the weather. We've got a couple of new nurses . . ."

Taylor and Wilson sprang to their feet. New nurses! From home? Did they have any news? They plied her with eager questions.

But when Forrest brought them in they had no news of Australia, no news of anything, in fact, except the fighting in Malaya. It appeared they were among the advance guard of the whispered retreat that was to follow, and they were utterly weary and badly in need of sleep.

One of them, Thompson, followed Forrest thankfully to a bath and clean sheets, but the other, Lawford, though she looked just as exhausted, seemed to need companionship more. Wilson and Taylor placed her in the most comfortable chair the room offered and answered those of her questions they could. She, in turn, gave them details of the Malayan campaign. Retreat from the Peninsula was inevitable, she said. The men had been marvellous, but they hadn't a hope. It had been a gallant but heart-breaking resistance.

They sat in silence for a time and listened to the guns that still fought on . . . hopelessly. Finally, Wilson rose and began to pace the room restlessly.

"What's up?" asked Lawford wearily from the depths of the chair. "Getting you down?"

"Oh, Wilson takes it all too much to heart," Taylor answered. "I tell her she'd much better not notice or think."

"Much better," said Lawford quietly. "I know."

Taylor looked at her quickly, but Wilson continued her pacing.

"It's nothing," she said impatiently, "just this heat . . . and a story Taylor told me . . . about a nurse in Malaya . . ."

"Lawford's too fagged to be bothered with that," Taylor interposed quickly, but Wilson ignored her. She had to talk . . . she had to talk about it to someone. And so she went on.

"She had to choose between saving a man or a handful of morphia . . . and what do you think she did?"

"Saved the morphia." It was Lawford who answered, and, as Wilson turned on her in surprise, she continued, "Yes, I know that story, too. You don't think she was right?"

"I think it was terrible," Wilson answered.

"Rubbish!" Taylor's voice was tart. "She did the only possible thing. It was the possible life of one man against the certain agony of hundreds. Don't forget, she had a bunch of casualties waiting for that morphia."

"Yes . . . I know all that," Wilson replied unconvinced, "but to leave a man . . ."

"The greatest good for the greatest number! I'd say it was a pretty clear case," Taylor answered. "And if you could think straight you'd realise the man'd be the first one to agree. Our boys are like that, Wilson."

"That only makes it worse," Wilson replied hotly, and then, turning to Lawford, asked, "You don't think she was justified, do you?"

"I did," Lawford spoke quietly, "but now I'm beginning to wonder."

"Did you know her?" Wilson asked Lawford, and when she got no immediate reply repeated the question.

"Yes . . . I knew her," Lawford replied at last. "A most unheroic person . . . just very ordinary . . . not built for big decisions at all."

"In fact," Taylor interrupted curtly, "someone rather like Wilson."

"She couldn't have been like me," Wilson turned on her. "I could never do a thing like that. I'd always see that man's face when I woke at night . . ."

"Maybe she does, too," said Lawford quietly. "I know she doesn't sleep any too well."

"Well," Taylor said, "I only hope if I had the decision to make I'd do what she did."

"Well, I wouldn't," retorted Wilson. "Whatever you say, Taylor, I'd still save the man."

Taylor looked at her and suddenly smiled.

"I suppose I would have, too, at your age, Wilson," she said, and then added slowly, "As a matter of fact . . . I did!"

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By Australian author

GWEN MEREDITH

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Speed Test

Continued from page 2

HE leaned across the little space between them and yelled to Tex, "Let's see the weather tape."

Tex brought it out of his chest pocket and handed it across. Art smoothed the strip upon his knee, reading, "Storm front moving South Idaho, Northern Utah. Wind 30. Ceiling Salt Lake City 1500."

Not so good, he thought.

Tex had dropped to six thousand feet crossing the desert. They were flying a channel between parallel mountain ranges.

But on the distant horizon ahead the channel closed as the ranges came together, and, squinting, Art made out the first hazy layer of the approaching storm.

The next moment, dropping his eyes again to the instruments, one dial came suddenly into focus. Oil temperature of the port engine had risen. Their air speed was still three hundred. He pointed at the oil heat dial.

"I know!" Tex yelled.

It wasn't his business, Art knew, but he couldn't help making a slow-down motion with his hand.

The set, lean face turned. Tex stared coolly, turned his face away.

Art shrugged. Pilot's choice, of course. All decisions were up to Tex. He didn't want to slow their test.

Ahead, the storm front boiling high above the mountains rushed towards them. Then they went in.

It wasn't bad at first. But quickly the mist thickened, became a solid dull grey. The plane rocked suddenly, plunged and rose with the motors in a harder thunder. They had struck the wind, and just for a moment, gripped by his bitter experience in this country long ago, Art Riley felt thankful that he was not facing it again as pilot.

Yet out of that experience had come knowledge. Riding as co-pilot now, he was bound responsibly to this man at his side.

Their air speed meant more than four miles a minute along Salt Lake's beam. It should be growing swiftly clearer. All he could hear was the pop and rattle of static and the signal no better than it had been far back. He turned the volume up. It didn't help. A chilled feeling began to creep over his skin.

The trouble might be only because of an electrical storm. That was the first possibility. But there was always another on this part of the Salt Lake run. Radio technicians laid it to the mineralised mountains. They could find no other reason why the beam had fading spots.

You couldn't depend on your compass entirely, either. There was a magnetic disturbance here.

Art pulled his head back from the opened windshield panel and took a quick glance at Tex. His mouth was drawn thin and tight with a whiteness around it, and a look of surly anger upon his face. Fear and anger were close together sometimes. Art Riley understood. A scare was in Tex, too.

Then, as he leaned forward again, they flashed through a break in the cloud formation. Wrapped in mist, the ghostly shape of a mountainside had risen above their wings. They were among peaks where there should be none!

Then Tex yelled, "We're off course!"

Art had no chance to answer. All at once it was as if something grabbed the portside wing and shook it violently. He heard the port engine's broken rhythm. An automatic instinct made him slap at the switch to cut the engine off. At the same time Tex slapped at it, angrily knocking his hand away.

The plane veered under the off-balance drag of the single motor. There was an instant more of violent vibration before Tex feathered the port propeller, turning its blades edgewise. The motor stopped. And in a release of pent-up feelings he yelled, "Who's flying this ship!"

Art yelled back, "Take her up!"

They were at ten thousand when the oil heat reached the red danger mark, giving its warning of fire. The end would be fast.

Tex levelled into a flat turn. Art looked across at him. The lean face seemed all at once aged and haggard. He looked at the heat dial, turned his head, a savage desperation in his yell:

"This is all!"

"Try another five hundred!" Art yelled back. "If——"

"I said it's all!" Tex bellowed. "Bail out!"

Art stiffened, kept his hands away from his safety belt. "You go ahead!"

He saw the blaze of temper in Tex Arnold's eyes. In the suddenness of everything that happened next, he never knew whether the fury of overstrained nerves made Tex try to release the safety belt himself, getting the co-pilot out first, or what. He saw the man's big hand strike down towards him. His own fist rose automatically.

He didn't intend it as a blow, nor feel the violent strength of tensions, suddenly broken, that went into it. With a shock of horror he felt his knuckles hit the bony chin, saw Tex Arnold's head jerk crookedly.

His body slumped. The plane's abrupt downward pitch doubled him against his belt.

Instantly Art had grabbed one-handed at the dual wheel in front of him, grabbing at Tex with his other hand at the same time. He got the limp body free of the controls, pulled the ship out of its dive and levelled in a turn, his heart racing madly.

The dive had sent him down to nine thousand. He pushed the throttle open and kept his eyes from the heat dial. It wouldn't matter now. There was one chance, the thing he had tried to make Tex hear. If the motor held . . .

He watched only the altimeter's slow crawl, hardly breathing, saw it pass ten thousand as he spiralled upward, a choked, hollow sound in the motor now, then ten-two, three, four hundred. If there was no top at ten-five——

The breakout was so unexpected that he had shot above the rolling level of clouds before he could flatten his climb. He completed a circle to the north, and saw the mountain then.

Not far off, two peaks forming a saddleback glistened in the sun. The notch between them was like a gun sight. He aimed for that.

The one good thing his crash of long ago had done was to establish this landmark in his mind.

He swept low through the notch. Slanting into the clouds again, he eased the motor and watched his altimeter and his artificial horizon to gauge the angle of descent.

The first glimpse below was vague, with no clean dive beneath the clouds. A brownness rose towards him, then the murky water of Salt Lake, and he was turning in the fog, swinging east in a slant to the airport at the city's edge. In that moment, even knowing he was down, he felt nothing at all.

Ambulance men took charge of Tex, carrying him towards the pilots' room.

Art stopped long enough to tell the mechanics. "Trouble in my oil line. This is a test job bound for Dayton. See what you can do."

Then he hurried to the pilots' room, where the ambulance officer told him they were taking Tex to hospital with a fractured rib.

Art stared at him. To the hospital!

Eyeing him keenly, the man said: "You dont look too good yourself. Anything wrong?"

He shook his head. "Not the way you mean, no." If Tex couldn't go on it was up to him . . . alone!

In half an hour the mechanics had found his engine trouble. A thread of waste had clogged his oil injector. He filed a wire to McMurry telling him what had happened and didn't wait for a reply.

Too much time was lost already. It wouldn't be a nonstop flight now, but it could still be a test of speed; it could still be —— The sudden great hope choked him.

. . . . . .

With the pride of flying men for another, they like to tell about it in Dayton—this three thousand horsepower job that came roaring out of the early afternoon sky, and of the way she was handled in the following tests, until the army men were satisfied that X507 was everything they wanted.

Her pilot, though, was a queer one. He didn't talk.

As far as Art Riley was concerned, what mattered most was the three telegrams he received.

The first was from McMurry. Praise and congratulations. He felt himself warm up. The next surprised him. From Tex, back at Pacific Aircraft now. "Everything okay." That was all, but it meant a lot from Tex.

When Art Riley opened the last telegram, a waiting stewardess saw him flush. "Good news, mister?" she laughed.

"Sort of," he grinned, and read the message again, hunched over it where no one could see how he looked. "Is that what you call going for a ride?" And one more word to fill the ten—"Love. Mickey."

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COMMON PEOPLE

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By A. E. MARTIN

IT was too early for much business and there was no one in Sapolio's shop except the lanky Cecil, who was executing a few intricate dancing steps for the edification of the starving man. Sapolio had refrained from shaving for two days. He hadn't done his hair. In fact, he had undone it. He was collarless, his shirt open at the front.

Pel, arriving in the midst of one of Cecil's performances, told him to be more careful, and regarded Sapolio with approval.

A few visitors came in and the starving man began to walk up and down snarling to himself and kicking the waste-paper basket out of his path.

Pel began to sprulk outside the shop. Delphine was in the box with a plentiful supply of tickets and a box of chocolates. Cecil, lately admonished, was standing demurely at the door, his feet at attention. When a few had gathered, Delphine gave a signal and Ricketty emerged and addressed Pel loudly:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, exhibiting a madman," he said, and for once Pel appeared at a loss for words. He just gaped.

"Ah, you've got nothing to say," Ricketty went on: "I tell you I've been watching. I've been here day after day. I can tell. The man's mad. You'd be mad, any man'd be mad, imprisoned like a wild beast, kept without food for five days! Mark my words, young man, he'll smash his way out of that glass house before many hours have gone by, and a good job, too."

He walked away haughtily while Pel, after a whispered word with Delphine, and looking very agitated, went inside. Delphine said, but not too loudly: "Admission sixpence."

Ricketty sauntered to the corner and round the block, up a right-of-way, through a gate and into the backyard of the shop he had just left.

Shortly after this incident, Dan Carey came into the "tomb," looking worried.

"Seen my giant?" he asked Pel, and poured out his troubles. "He won't stay put. Half the town's seeing him for nothing. It ain't decent. He's got no business morality. But, joking aside, Pel, he's got me worried stiff. I keep thinking about him at the party. He did go out of the room, you know.

"And when he does stay put," Carey went on, "I'm worrying just looking at him. He sits grinning, with his arms out—like this." He held out his hands, one a little higher than the other. "Then," he went on, "his fingers curl and spread out and he moves his hands up and down and chuckles. It's not pretty, Pel. It's just as if he's recalling something. It gets on my nerves."

Pel put his hands on Carey's arm. "No," he said. "I can't believe it. He's not bad."

"I know," Carey said. "But p'raps he just doesn't know. He sees something and wants it. A neck, p'raps. He's so infernally strong."

Pel shuddered. "Don't," he said. "You're getting on my nerves. I don't believe it at all. But keep your eye on him. Better have someone tail him up."

"That's right," Carey said. "Build up the overhead. Fancy me christening him 'The Terror of Peking.' I'm scared of him myself."

A man said to Pel, indicating Sapolio: "'E doesn't look too good."

"This is always the danger period," Pel explained patiently, taking him by the arm and speaking in great confidence. "The next few days will tell the tale. Either he'll break the glass or break the record." He walked over to a fat man who was staring with his face close to the glass. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "Don't stand too near him."

BELLA returned soon from her visit to the address Pel had given her. She passed into the shop with a nod and a smile for Delphine. She waited on the outskirts of the little crowd, standing on a chair and looking over the men's heads. Sapolio was sitting on his unmade bed, running his hands through his hair.

A man on the outer rim turned and surveyed the blonde's shapely legs with some interest. Pel came along and lightly tapped her black silk stocking with his cane. "Now, now. No opposition," he said quietly. She stepped down.

"There's no such place," she told him. "The street's there all right, but if Madame Josephine's making knickers for the nobs she's doing it in the middle of five vacant allotments."

Pel took the printer's proof from his pocket. He looked at the boldly set line at the bottom, "Box 0083X." "Kinda throws it outa balance," he murmured. He put the paper back into his pocket. "Thanks, Bella. You've been a big help. One day perhaps you'll be a sergeant."

She looked about her at the crowd of men. "Some business, Pel."

He nodded, regarding her trim figure with admiration. "D'you know something, Bella? If you turned on the Professor's pictures right now they'd stampede. They'd leave poor old Poppa flat. They'd turn their backs on him."

"Oh, yeah," she said, "and then he really would break out of his cage."

Pel left her at the door. "'Bye," she said. "What the heck's a gargoyle, Pel?"

He said: "I'm not quite sure. From what I guess it's as well it's going on the back of your knee. You won't have to look at it."

"What a life," she exclaimed. "The back of the knee! Can you beat it? My gosh, Pel. The places he thinks of!" She waggled her fingers at him and passed through the portals. To Delphine she said in an affected voice and rather loudly: "Thank you very much. It's been most interesting. I do hope the poor man survives. I'll tell all my friends."

Delphine said: "Thank you, madam," and ate another chocolate. Pel came out and tapped the window:

Ricketty stared in helpless dismay as a violent paroxysm shook the starving man.

"Society's loveliest women find their way to Sapolio's 'tomb' and gaze in fascinated horror at this strange spectacle. The Governor's lady"—he gesticulated towards Bella's retreating figure—"and Bridget O'Grady—the same under the skin, come to visit Sapolio . . ."

Marie came in a little later, plump and smiling. She gave one look at Sapolio's unshaven face and rumpled hair, and threw up her hands in horror. "Ah! 'E looks like 'e makes the trip to Devil's Island," she said, but over the heads of customers she contrived a companionable wink. Pel had a quiet word with her.

"Remember the night of the party, Marie? Someone telephoned to Salvi."

"Telephone?" Marie frowned in concentration. "But, yes. I remember."

"It was a lady."

"No, m'sieur, no. It was a gentleman. 'E say: 'If you please, sis is a call for Monsieur Salvi.'"

"You are sure?"

"But yes, Pel. I remember very well. I say to myself 'e is one of these stupid foreigners."

"French?" Pel's eyes twinkled.

"French? Non, non, non. Not French."

"He asked especially for Monsieur Salvi? He did not say Mister Salvi."

"'E say Monsieur Salvi. But 'is accent it is terrible—worse than yours, mon ami. I do not know what nation 'e is, but 'e is not Francais."

. . . . . .

A smartly-dressed woman with fair hair, fashionably set, sat in a quiet corner of a quiet cafe. A man sauntered in and sat down beside her. He ordered coffee for two. When the girl had gone he said: "Did you get them?"

She took a slip of paper and two keys from her bag, then dug down and pulled out a little bundle. She passed them all across the table.

"Did they ask questions?"

"No," she said. "I showed them the card, paid the money, and got the receipt. There it is with the keys. Here's the card I used. The rest are in the bundle."

He dropped them in his pocket as the waitress returned with the coffee. When she left the woman leaned over and said: "What's the real idea, Joe?"

He said: "It's too dangerous. I'm thinking of you." She smiled a little cynically. He went on: "You've got your steamer ticket and passport?"

She nodded.

Please turn to page 14

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SOMEBODY'S BABY

Herbie stood transfixed, as people clustered round his car, laughing and pointing.

By WILLIAM FAY

HERBIE DELEHANTY, the detective, was walking in the park with his wife.

"So who cares if you got no car?" he asked. "Use your legs. Save rubber for the government. That's what legs is for."

"The least that anyone could do," his wife—Gracie—said.

"I'd like to get my hands on guys who go round stealin' tyres."

"Smell the flowers," Gracie said. She smelled them and sighed, "Petunias!"

"They're nice. But if people wasn't so stupid. If they didn't leave their rubber out where it could be grabbed right off their cars!"

"There's much of that?"

"Is there much? Listen, there's enough. It don't come up where I'm on the job, but lemme tell you, baby—"

"To-day is Sunday, darling. Not to-day."

Oh, well, he thought. He felt good to-day, too. His left hand held a bag of jelly beans. His right held his new straw hat, with which he fanned his brow. He pushed the carriage with his stomach.

"Herbie—lookit him. Lookit the darlin'."

Little Herbert, nine months old, had gained possession of a foot. Much of the foot was in his mouth. "Silly, huh?"

"It's what any perfectly normal child would do," protested Gracie. "But that's a boy for you." Gracie fussed at little Herbert's clothes. "Come on," she said, "I mustn't forget my roast."

"If I could get my hand on them crooks that go round stealin' tyres," Herbie said, preoccupied. They walked towards home.

Presently they passed a large apartment house, around the corner from the one in which they lived. As was their custom, they looked in a ground-floor window where the shade was up.

"It makes me mad," said Herbie. "Look, the kid's still there, stuck in that room. To-day, of all days, when he should be out. A skinny little kid like that."

Gracie shared his pity. "Poor thing," she said. "I understand the mother works."

"Works all the time?"

"Most all the time, I guess. I've seen her once or twice. Nice little thing the mother is, according to Mrs. Willow. I meant to tell you that last night. The baby's name is Warren, after its father. He was killed last year, somehow."

They kept looking at the child which, diapered and bare-chested, sat innocently on the floor. "Same age as little Herbert, Mrs. Willow says."

"Really? No foolin'. The kid, I guess, don't get the proper care. Holbit would make two of 'im."

But while they looked at little Warren, of whom Herbert would make two, Warren climbed up on his skinny legs and walked! Herbie and Gracie stared, incredulous. The child stood up and rocked unsteadily. Then walked. One step, two steps, three full steps before he fell.

Herbie swallowed, looked at Gracie, as though the sin and fault were his. He pointed at Warren. "Nine months old?" Gracie also felt betrayed. She didn't speak.

A man's arm impolitely pulled the shade down in their faces while they stared.

"Who could that be?" Gracie wished to know.

Back home, at dinner, Herbie carved the roast, but listlessly, though Herbie normally would eat a horse, uncooked. He looked at little Herbert, in his play den, lying there. "Get up an' walk," his thoughts commanded.

Gracie ladled gravy carefully. "Dr. Schwartz said, I remember now, and someone else said, 'Never force a baby to walk.' Babies will walk by themselves when they're good and ready, they say, and a child as big and strong as Herbert is too heavy to walk at nine months."

"Doc said that? When'd he say that?"

"He told Marge. Her Gladys didn't walk till she was fourteen months."

"Gladys? She sure walks now!" He cocked his head at little Herbert in the pen. "When this kid is ready he'll just get up an' jump outa that thing. Huh, kid?"

The Delehantys had regained much happiness.

But in little Warren's house, around the corner, there was no happiness to spare. Ethel—Warren's mother—had come home from work and she was tired. Warren was asleep, as he should have been, at eight o'clock. George, Ethel's brother, was drinking a glass of beer.

George was thirty-two years old—and a loafer. An able-bodied loafer who didn't work. Or if he did, for just a while, he would get pains in his back and quit or else be fired.

The neighbors did not know George had been in jail. Ethel's fiance—she had one now—he worked in a department store—knew of Warren, but he did not know of George. She hadn't told him that. Perhaps if he knew George he would not be her fiance.

Warren was too pale. "George—" she said.

"I toldja I had 'im in the park! Three hours!"

"You're lyin'," Ethel said. It was seldom she was bold enough to speak like this. "And I'm not handing you any more money," she said. "Do you understand? Give you money? So you can play cards all night with the janitor and goodness knows who?"

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks for the break you're givin' me when I'm down an' out. Maybe you'd rather I drop down and see your boy friend. He's got dough."

"You do—you do and I'll . . . I'll—"

"Ah, shet up!" he said. "Shet up!"

. . . . . .

Herbie was working nights, on 138th Street. His partner, Rappaport, was down in night court, and Herbie had the car—a nice inconspicuous coupe, with four good tyres and a spare. Herbie liked to drive. He liked to go to fires and riots, with siren open, sixty miles an hour along the car tracks, in and out of traffic like a half-back.

On a summer's night he liked to cruise around.

"No cruising," the captain had told them. "No unnecessary cruising, any way. Those are the orders from down town. That means you and you and everybody. And thirty miles an hour's the limit—except in an emergency. The rubber's got to last." And, of course, agreed Herbie, the captain was right. "I'm as patriotic as the next one," Herbie said.

This evening he had done the things he was supposed to do and realised that Gracie, very likely, was reading in their love nest, only six or seven blocks away. He could at least call in and say "hello."

He bought some sandwiches and beer. He brought it home. He only stayed for fifteen minutes, and it broke the long monotony. Besides, if he didn't have the sandwich with his wife he'd have to have it in a restaurant. He had a right to eat. He kissed Gracie good-bye.

He walked down to the street and it certainly was lovely out, still only twilight and almost like daylight. He lit a cigar. He stretched his legs. He left the car parked at the kerb. He walked around the block. The world, despite its troubles and its wars, had shining moments, and he, himself, was certainly among the luckiest of men.

Then he could hear a child's crying, not too loud, but persistent, and the sound washed the good from the night. He followed the sound to a window—little Warren's. He heard the mother's ministrations, gentle, understanding, repeated and repeated. The mother's tone relieved his fear for the child, but doubled the sum of his sadness. Now he must feel sorry for the mother, too.

There was a dim amber light behind the shade, but the shade was drawn to within two inches of the window's sill. Peeping, he could see a woman's feet and a little bit of the rug, the leg of a chair. He realised it could be most embarrassing if suddenly the shade went up. Herbie walked away from the window. You don't know when you're well off, he was thinking. The mother working all day long. The poor kid pale and in the house, not getting any sun. Herbie wished there was something he could do to help.

As he walked towards the police department's car there seemed something strange about it. Moreover, people were clustering around it laughing and pointing. He looked again. The axles of the car were resting on a set of wooden blocks. It had no tyres! No wheels!

Herbie stood transfixed, sick with shock, gazing at this monument of shame. Beneath his very nose—his cop's nose—they had stolen his tyres!

He knew—everybody knew—that high precision thieves could in a moment's time denude parked vehicles of rubber for the bootleg trade. It could happen to civilians, and it happened every day. But could it happen to a cop? Could he tell the captain he was listening to a baby cry? Or that he'd been upstairs with Gracie — having sandwiches and beer? In his love nest? "Here's your love nest," is what the captain would say. The captain could be crude.

. . . . . .

Little Warren's uncle, George, said to the janitor of the apartment house, "You got no more brains than a goat. If the boss knew that you took them from a cop he'd make you eat them tyres."

"How can I tell the car belongs to a cop?" The janitor was big and powerful but timid in the face of George's wrath. The janitor's name was Louie. "The cars detectives use," said Louie, "are the

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Walking was little Warren's specialty, and his surprising talent set a number of other people walking—into trouble

same as any other cars. To me it's a coupe. I'm there with Frank. Nobody's around. We grab the tyres."

"So you got to grab 'em off a cop," said George. "The cop's name is Delehanty. He was lookin' in my window—in my window, mind you—just the other day. G'wan!"

. . . . . .

They had new names for Herbie at the station house. "Free-Wheeling," they called him, and "Happy-Motoring."

"The fact is, Herbie," said the captain, "that you shouldn't have been eating sandwiches with the missus, no matter how nice a home life you got. And you shouldn't have been listenin' to that baby cry, no matter how your heart might bleed. Not when you should have been back on 138th Street, Herbie."

"I know. I know that, Cap'n," Herbie said. "I know. You see? But look——"

"And it looks bad in the papers," the captain said. "Not only that, but they must make it comical."

"I don't think it's funny," Herbie said.

"And I don't think it's funny either. Not a bit. I'm going to let this slide, except that Rappaport will have the car in charge."

"Yessir," Herbie said.

"And if you should lose so much as a rubber band——" the captain warned.

"I know," said Herbie.

. . . . . .

"Sit there," said Gracie, "and be comfortable. Stretch out," she said. "Don't mind them what they say. You're in your own home now. You got your own time off."

"You would think that I was NEW on the job."

"After all you've done for them."

"Life is like that," Herbie said.

But I got you, he thought. Not many had a wife like Gracie.

His pretty apartment, the summer curtains up, and everything in place just so. Eat off the floor. The baby? Clean? You wouldn't eat the baby, but he sure was clean. A mother's care. He'd walk when he was ready.

"I got a lot to be thankful for," he said. "I think I'll take a walk. I always think better when I take a walk."

Herbie walked up through the park and around. He stopped and had a malted milk. He bought a rattle and a little bear for Herbert. But what of little Warren? Herbie thought. Of course it took a lot of nerve, and people might just get insulted if you walked right up and rapped on their door. But—"Maybe you better gimme some of that baby food on the shelf," Herbie said. "It's very nourishing for babies."

He took his packages and almost wept with blessed charity.

Peeping under the shade, into the combination living-room and kitchen, he could see Warren's little hands. There were two such small and cheap apartments on the ground floor of the building. You walked in through a foyer and rang the bell on the left. The one on the right said "Superintendent." Herbie pushed the button on the left. He waited nervously, concocting what he'd say. Nobody answered him.

He rang the bell again. The kid was there inside. Why don't they answer? Herbie thought. Don't mean to say that they would leave a kid like that alone? Suppose there was a fire? Or leaking gas? Or anything like that? He rapped heavily on the door. Impatiently he nudged it with his foot. "There anybody home?" he yelled.

He tried the door. But it was firm against his hand.

The door opened on his right.

"What's the matter?" a big guy asked. The superintendent, he supposed. The man seemed nervous.

"Nobody answers," Herbie said.

The big man shrugged. "Nobody home."

"There's a kid in there, a little kid."

"A kid? No, the kid went out, I think, a while ago."

"The kid's inside. I saw him."

"Who're you?"

"Never mind who I am. You're the janitor. You got a key. Suppose you open the door."

Herbie showed his badge. "I'm curious," he said. The big man's face was white and his lips lost their firmness. "What's eatin' you?" asked Herbie. The man did not look right.

"I ain't got a key."

"There's a little baby kid in there, alone. Who knows, there might be gas or even fire. You get the key, Johnny, or I bust a winder."

"I don't know nothin' about those people in there."

"I didn't ask whatcha knew. Maybe you better come with me an' we'll try a winder." Herbie's arms were full of his packages. The big man edged along the foyer towards the street outside. Herbie had seen men on the verge of a gallop before. He dropped his bundles on the floor. The big man jumped. Herbie took him by the arm.

"Leggo me!"

"Shut up!"

He marched the janitor around to the window on the level with the street. "You stand there," he said, "between me and the winder."

Herbie's instincts were alert. He tried to peep beneath the shade, but noticed now there was no space between the bottom of the shade and the sill. He tapped a centre pane of glass with a stone, satisfied the shade would blanket any flight of glass. The baby might be near. He reached in and opened the window's latch.

"Poor baby there, no light, no air," he thought. He threw the window up, and then the shade. "You go in first," he told the janitor.

The janitor half-climbed, half-stumbled through, and Herbie followed him. Some surge of sense made Herbie's hand reach backward for his gun. But this would help him not at all, since Herbie's gun was home. "Keep yer hands where they are!" somebody said.

Herbie turned. Back in a corner stood a man with gun in hand. The man was average-sized and pasty-faced and very much afraid. The man came over and closed the window with its shattered pane.

"I didn't tell 'im nothin', George," the janitor said shrilly.

Herbie asked: "What goes on?"

The man said, "I seen you watchin' me. You been watchin' all the time."

Herbie was ill with wonderment, defeat. What could this be that he had bumped into as heedless as a goat? What kind of a fool would Herbie seem when he reported this?—if he should live so long. Going through a window with his gun home in the bureau drawer!

Little Warren, unconcerned, revealed his specialty. He stumbled forward three full steps and grabbed at Herbie's pants. Herbie looked about in deep despair. You couldn't pick up furniture and start to swing at such a time as this. Not with a little baby boy underfoot. Herbie said to the man with the gun. "There's somethin' in my pocket for the kid."

"Look in 'is pocket, Louie," said the man.

Louie did. "Looks like a rattle," Louie said.

"Throw it to the kid," said Herbie. "Get 'im outa the room."

Louie, suspicious, tossed the rattle, and the child pursued it quickly. Herbie, sweating, turned to the other man. "That gun won't do you any good, mister," Herbie said.

"I didn't tell 'im nothin', George," the janitor repeated.

"You didn't have to tell him anything, you dope. You did enough when you robbed his tyres. You had to rob 'em from a cop. You don't think he's here to read the gas meter, do you? I suppose you think he don't know who I am. What I oughta do——"

"Be careful, George. Gee, George!"

Tyres, Herbie thought: TYRES! These men stole his tyres. While he was peeping through the window at the baby, or eating sandwiches with Gracie, the janitor, around the corner, stole his tyres, then rolled them neatly to the cellar by another route. And this man with the gun—this George — thought Herbie had been peeping in the window just for reasons of suspicion.

"Now look," Herbie stretched to his full size, "I got you and you gotta put that gun away. That's foolishness. You let that gun go off at me and you know what will happen. We've had you spotted for a week. There's eighteen thousand cops in this city that can grab you in a minute." His hands sweated heavily. His heart leaped in his chest. He moved towards George.

Something—some second sense, some little sound below his knees, made Herbie swing about. Louie swung the heavy base of a table lamp at Herbie's head. Herbie swayed aside, but Louie swung again. Louie's feet got tangled in something on the floor. Herbie punched straight at Louie's head and bounced him off the wall. Louie, a giant, folded and fell.

Louie and little Warren were on the floor together. But only little Warren smiled.

Herbie turned to face George. He knew there would be no shot. "You ain't gonna shoot that thing," he said. "You ain't the kind."

Herbie was right. The man was craven, filled with fright. He dropped the gun. Herbie clopped him under the chin and lifted him. Herbie, with vast vigor, hit the man again. No further moves from George.

Herbie, winded, sat on the couch. He looked at little Warren, happy there. "How do you walk so good?" he asked. Little Warren arose and walked some more, improving all the time.

Herbie dialled the telephone and Gracie said, "Hello? It's you? I wondered were you ever coming back. Bring what? Two sets of cuffs and your gun? — to little Warren's house! But, Herbie—"

"Right away," he said, "and fast!"

. . . . . .

George and Louie were bracketed nicely, ankles and wrists together, on the floor. Gracie, meanwhile, had come and gone, taking little Warren with her to a better, safer home.

Herbie strolled through the basement of the building, pondering the nature of his captives' crime. "Tyres," he figured. "They steal the tyres aroun' the neighborhood an' roll 'em into here." There was an entrance from the avenue, an entrance from the street. "It all depends on where they steal 'em from." Herbie looked about. He used a shovel. He discovered tyres beneath a stock of coal. "How do they get 'em out?" he thought.

He noticed ash cans of unusual diameter. There wouldn't be much ashes in hot weather, Herbie knew—just what there was from the hot-water fire. But he could count four ash cans that were seemingly brimful. The ashes in each case did not run deep. Good rubber tyres lay beneath.

Herbie returned to his apartment at seven o'clock in the evening.

"The case was a push," he told Gracie. "Guy on a sanitation truck was dumpin' the tyres at a garage on Webster Avenue. Easy as that. We trailed the truck, after we made Louie load on the tyres like nothin' was wrong. I got the captain tied up in a bag. I'm gettin' wrote up in the papers again, sugar, an—" He had walked to the living-room by now. "Oh," said Herbie. "Oh."

Little Warren and little Herbert were playing on the floor. "He's a sweet little thing," said Gracie, meaning Warren. "I've been talking with his mother on the phone—a lovely person, really—" Just then little Warren, bored with chewing Herbert's hair, stood up and stumbled off. Herbie, wounded but not jealous, watched. Little Herbert looked round to find his vanishing friend. Then little Herbert, on his fat legs, stood erect. He also stumbled off. The two kids walked across the room.

"Look!" said Herbert. "Look, Hol-bit! He walks!"

"Since four o'clock this afternoon," said Gracie, smiling, "they haven't stopped. They must have walked a mile."

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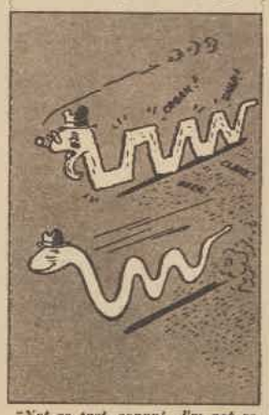
Animal Antics



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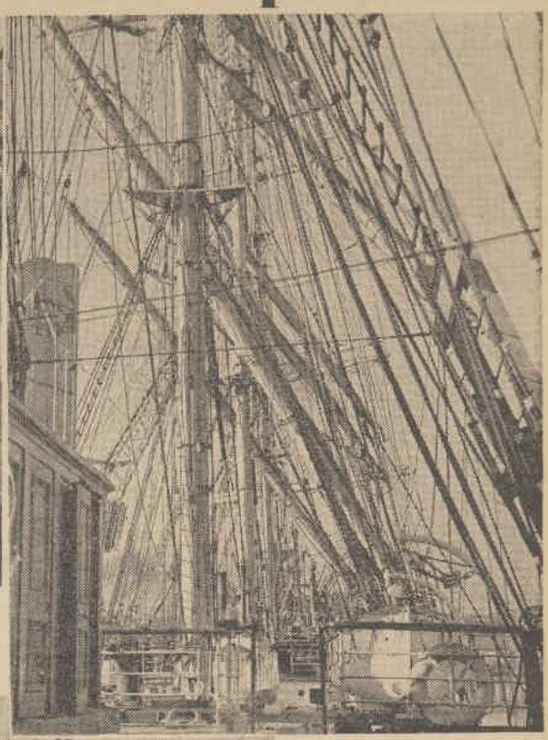
Captain takes family to sea to escape bombs

ON THE DECK OF THE LAWHILL—Captain and Mrs. Soderlund and their daughter, Doris, with their many pets—Bella, the Scottie; Tassie, the cat; and Ronnie. Doris is trying to persuade Tip and Tap, the tortoises, to come into the picture.



MAZE OF RIGGING ON THE Lawhill, one of the last of its kind, a 51-year-old four-masted barque.

They feel safer on romantic 4-masted barque than in their Finnish home

By TORA BECKINGSALE

The four-masted barque Lawhill sails hazardous wartime seas as she plies between Australia and South Africa, but for all that she has meant home and safety for three years to her captain's wife and daughter from bomb-wrecked Finland.

"If we go down, we all go down together," said Captain Arthur Soderlund when he brought his lovely ship into an Australian port the other day. "Last time I went to Finland, in 1940, I found my wife and daughter practically living in bomb shelters. That was no good, so I asked them to sail with me."

SO, from their modern flat in a town in Aaland Island, came Mrs. Soderlund and Doris to make their wartime home on the most romantic type of ship there is.

Tall and beautiful, with a half-century's salt in her timbers, she lies to-day dappling an Australian wharf with the shadow of her rigging, and rides to-morrow in full sail, exulting in the boisterous winds of the wide seas.

To this new life Mrs. Soderlund brought her knitting . . .

In fact, she brought to her new home afloat all the interests and occupations of life ashore, the cares of wife, mother, and homemaker.

She and Doris live their lives aboard just as the captain's wife and daughter. They take no part in actual sailing activities.

Helpful in storms

"BUT, of course, they do not just sit and make up their faces when there is an emergency," said the captain. "If my sailors get knocked about in a storm, they put on overalls and gum boots and sou'-wester caps, and get hot water and bandages and help me to doctor the injuries."

Not long ago the ship ran into such a bad storm that she was under water for 18 hours, and it was touch and go with her. This was one of the few times when the women had to lend a hand.

They bailed water out of their own quarters.

"But they were not frightened," said Captain Soderlund, proudly. "It takes a lot to frighten a woman."

Doris can climb the rigging.

"But I do not allow it," said her father. "I like her to be a lady.

CABINBOY Leonard Greaves, 17, from South Africa, cleaning the brass lamps which light the cabins.

"It is no life for a woman in a sailing ship," he added, ruefully. He said a few words in Swedish to Mrs. Soderlund, who nodded her head firmly.

She does not speak English, but Doris does, and Swedish, too.

"My father says it is safe enough for us to sail with him, and so we just don't worry," she said. "But I'll be glad when the war is over and we can live on shore again."

"THIS AUSTRALIAN SUNSHINE is good," says Doris, attractive daughter of the skipper of the barque, as she leans on the deck rail.

However, in the Lawhill, which is owned by the South African Government, they are very happy and comfortable.

Captain Soderlund has seen that their quarters, although small, are snug and cosy. A small bunk has been fitted in what was previously the skipper's writing room for Doris' bedroom. It is a charming little room, with flowered chintz curtains at the porthole and screening off the bunk. There is a fixed table and a small locker for her belongings.

Her mother and father sleep in the adjacent cabin.

Most of the time of Mrs. Soderlund and Doris is spent sewing their own clothes or knitting for the captain. "Sailors wear out their woollen clothes very quickly," said Captain Soderlund.

He's a typical sailor, and has been at sea since he was thirteen. He started as a cook boy in a Baltic schooner, and his people were seafaring people for generations back.

His wife also comes of seafaring stock.

She has to look after their clothes with especial care because sea air is ruinous for clothes. There is sometimes a shortage of fresh water to make difficulties with washing.

Doris, who wears her light brown hair in a long, fluffy bob to her shoulders, has become, under her mother's tuition, a clever little needlewoman.

Her father showed with pride a huge supper-cloth embroidered by her, and pointed out two little tapestry pictures which she has worked.

The Soderlunds have a family of pets aboard. Bella, the Scottie, is very valuable.

"She came from Glasgow, where £800 was offered for her mother, but the owner would not sell," said the captain, with a pat for Bella.

"This is Ronnie. That's a girl's name in our country," said Doris, introducing a big, lively brindle bitch, which is a great favorite with the family.

"Ronnie sleeps in the box we have for the dogs until all is quiet. Then she creeps out and jumps on my bunk and sleeps there for the night," said Doris.

Peacefully asleep on the captain's bed was Tassie, the black cat, called after Tasmania, which is a favorite stopping place of Doris'.

Then there are Tip and Tap, the tortoises, who calmly munch lettuce or hard-boiled eggs in a corner of the saloon.

"When it is rough we put them in a box," said Doris.

Mrs. Soderlund has no actual housekeeping to do aboard. Cooking is done by chief cook Leo Nielsen, who came from Denmark, and the assistant cook, Fred Arendse, of South Africa.

Menus depend on the time between ports.

"We have been as long as 78 days," said the captain, "and then we cannot have fresh food."

Daily meal routine for the Soderlunds is breakfast in the messroom at seven-thirty, dinner at twelve-thirty, and tea at seven-thirty. They have coffee between meals.

Cleaning, washing, and scrubbing are done by the steward and cabin boy.

Educating Doris

MOST important of all Mrs. Soderlund's tasks aboard is Doris' education. She attended the school for boys and girls at Maraham, her home town.

"You know, Finland was the first country to have mixed schools," said the captain. "My daughter was very fond of sports, especially skiing and basketball, and always acted in the school plays."

Although Doris' ordinary schooling has been interrupted, her mother is training her in all the womanly arts, and she is going through the grand finishing school of travel.

She has splendid poise for such a young girl, and talks well.

Maraham, on Aaland Island, was the birthplace of both Captain and Mrs. Soderlund. They were married there, and Doris was born there.

This island, which has a population of about 27,000 people, is under Finnish law, but is an independent State with its own small Parliament.

It is about twenty miles by eleven miles in size, and is one of a group of no fewer than eight thousand islands.

Doris wears the shield of her home State on a pendant hung round her neck.

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Editorial

JUNE 26, 1943

FLYING HOSPITALS

AEROPLANES, used so horribly in this war as instruments of death and destruction, are also doing a mercy task as aerial ambulances, flying wounded out of combat zones.

A recent cable showed that U.S. Army "flying hospitals" had carried 30,000 patients, with only two deaths in transit.

That news is of special interest to Australia, where the idea of aerial medicine was pioneered in the Flying Doctor service.

Not even in air-minded America is there anything like this service. A few months ago Mrs. Roosevelt described it in a speech, and suggested that some similar scheme would be of value in America, where there are great open spaces like those served by the Flying Doctor here.

During the several Middle East campaigns in which the A.I.F. took part an Australian air ambulance gave splendid service. At one time it was the only air ambulance in that theatre of war.

The planes used were slow old D.H. 86's, which had formerly been used on interstate passenger services in Australia. They were called upon for the most urgent cases and during one year these numbered 2000 patients.

Of these only two died. Yet most would have had little chance of recovery if such smooth, swift transport had not been available.

When the war is over and aeroplanes need no longer fly on missions of horror, their use for medical services will undoubtedly be extended.

Australia will be proud to recall that the Flying Doctor service, with its network of planes and wireless sets, led the way.

—THE EDITOR.

THREE AIRMEN IN NEW GUINEA pose with their mascot, a fox-terrier pup. Photograph sent by L.a.c. L. Blackford (centre) to his mother, Mrs. D. Blackford, Ramsgate (N.S.W.).

THREE TALL BROTHERS. Roy, 6ft. 6ins.; Tom, 6ft. 4½ins.; and George Briggs, 6ft. 3½ins. (Inverell, N.S.W.), of the 9th Division. A fourth brother is also in the A.I.F.

Bomber righted after 7000-foot dive upside down

Blown upside down by blast, a Lancaster bomber fell 7000 feet—still upside down—over enemy territory, but righted itself and limped home to England.

Sgt. D. E. Rowe, who was a member of the crew, describes the trip in a letter to his parents in Griffiths Street, Canterbury, N.S.W.

"WE had a pretty rough trip to Cologne a few nights ago. In fact, now that it is all over it seems almost unbelievable," he writes.

"The fact remains that I am grounded and am going into hospital for two or three weeks, mainly for observation.

"We were blown upside down at one stage, and fell 7000 feet, still upside down.

"We were at a great height at the time, and the sudden change of pressure has affected my ears a little.

"We were ordered to bail out, which didn't sound so good, as we were right over the target and would not have had a very good reception. Also our own kites were still dropping 4000-pounders there.

"Luckily, old 'Hector' did his stuff in grand style, and we finally got right side up again, let the bombs go, and turned for home with two motors dead and all our gun turrets out of commission.

"The longest period I have ever put in was that trip back to the enemy coast line. Just as we thought we were out of the wood a dirty Jerry fighter took to us and proceeded to shoot daylight out of us.

"We were quite helpless, as our turrets wouldn't work.

"However, thanks to the boys all working together in harmony, we managed to evade him successfully by telling the pilot which direction he was attacking from.

"So every time he opened fire we just slipped out of the way and watched the tracer and cannon shells go screaming past.

"Of course, we did get hit a few times, though nothing much.

"Finally we lost him altogether, and staggered across the sea on our two remaining motors, to land just over the English coast.

"We had a very good reception, as they knew that we were coming in in a pretty bad way—quite a triumph for wireless.

"The navigator, Johnny, lost all his maps and instruments when we were upside down, through the escape hatch in the roof, which fell out."

Sgt.-Gunner Jack Wishart, who was seriously injured in an air accident in England and has spent eighteen months in hospital, to his mother at 66 Hewitt Ave., Rose Park, S.A.:

"I AM nearing the end of my period in hospital.

"The last job is almost complete now, and hardly a mark will remain where 18 months ago was little short of mutilation.

"It is a really wonderful recovery, due entirely to the never-ending efforts of the doctors and nursing staffs. Day by day has grown a debt which I can never hope to repay.

"The little words, 'thank you,' which I have uttered so often, seem so insignificant compared with the magnitude of the work these people have done for me.

"We have been experiencing some air activity round here lately. The old Hun has been over fairly often, bombing and machine-gunning pretty much at random.

"It certainly makes you realise you are still very much in the war."

Pte. G. J. Donnelly to his sister, Mrs. G. M. Parkins, Macksville, N.S.W.:

"THE mossies are good here. We use their fetlocks for soup."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 5/- is paid.

Can you help?

Cpl. Colin Brown, Y.M.C.A., Darwin, writes:

"WOULD some of your readers send me their copies of The Australian Women's Weekly when they have finished reading them?

"I am in charge of a Y.M.C.A. Club here in Darwin. Your paper is very popular with the boys, and reading material is an urgent necessity for them when they are able to spend part of their leisure time in our cool upstairs lounge."

Miss Flora McDonald, Y.W.C.A. Rest and Recreation Club, Albury:

"THE Y.W.C.A., in conjunction with the Comforts Fund, has opened this club for the Services.

"We are making a special appeal for literature.

"May we ask for the co-operation of you and your readers?"

A driver somewhere in the tropics:

"THIS unit has just formed a concert party to relieve the monotony of troops in a wide radius of our own camp. Our object is to produce a three-hour non-stop variety show, with complete changes of programme at least every fortnight.

"Our main drawback lies in lack of suitable costumes. Are there any of your many thousands of readers who can forward us costumes of any sort—'tails,' toppers, dresses, hats, shoes, coats, wigs—anything at all which can be used for show work?"

(Postal address will be supplied by this office.)

Interesting People

DR. G. A. WATERHOUSE

. . . Butterflies

RARE honor for Sydney entomologist Dr. G. A. Waterhouse, D.Sc., B.E., F.R.E.S. Has just been elected special Life Fellow, Royal Entomological Society, London. Fellowship limited to 12. Leading authority on butterflies, he visited England in 1936 to type Australian butterflies in British Museum and other national collections. Has presented his own world-famous collection of Australian butterflies to Australian Museum, Sydney, of which he is a trustee.

MATRON L. DAW

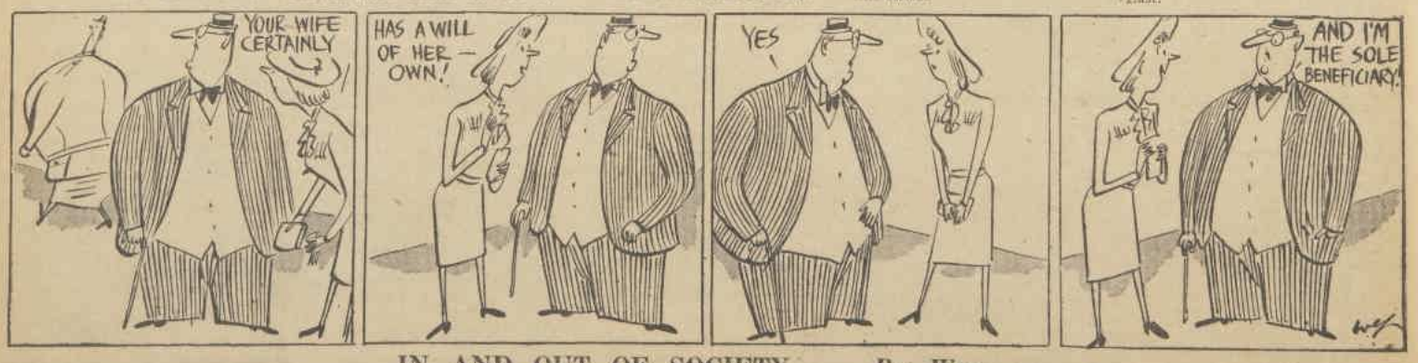
. . . Servicewomen's hospital.

APPOINTED matron of South Australia's first Red Cross Convalescent Hospital for Servicewomen, which opens in July, Miss Lucy Daw, M.B.E., has just retired from matronship of Royal Adelaide Hospital after 39 years nursing there. Started as probationer at Royal Adelaide. Only break in her service was four years as army nurse in last war.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. L. E. LOGAN

. . . R.A.F. in Russia

RECENTLY returned to Australia, Flight-Lieut. Lionel E. Logan, Victoria, served in Russia for several months as observer with R.A.F. Hampden Torpedo Squadron. Was only Australian in squadron. Was also on convoy duty in North Sea. Flight-Lieut. Logan, who is 32, enlisted in R.A.A.F. in 1940. Trained in Australia, Britain, and Middle East.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE majority of Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions will now begin to enjoy improved fortunes. They should plan ahead and work hard to realise their ambitions, or start new ventures.

Many Taurians and Virgoans should also benefit at this time.

But Librans and Arians would be well advised to live cautiously, avoiding obstructions and upsets, while Capricornians should dodge partings, arguments, changes, opposition, and losses—if they can.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 22 (late evening) promises fair fortune, so try to finalise important matters then. Thereafter you must live quietly for some weeks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Moderate good fortune likely on June 29 (especially from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m.). Be diligent then. June 27 and June 28 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Utilise June 22. June 28, p.m., fair. Rest of week poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Good fortune approaches, so plan ahead and work hard in these weeks. On June 22 (late evenings), seek favors and progress. June 24 (to 10 a.m. and from 10.30 to 11.30 p.m.) fair, but otherwise tricky. June 29 (from 2 p.m. to 9 p.m.) very good. Utilise July. June 23 (midday hours) poor, balance fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Routine best, though June 29 (midday hours) can be pleasing. Also June 26 (same hours).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Recent difficulties now ease, but don't be rash. June 23 and June 24 can be difficult. Protect possessions and valued associations, and avoid indiscretions. June 28 (afternoon) helpful.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make good use of June 22. Last chance for some weeks to get important things done. Live cautiously during the balance of the week, especially from June 23 to June 27.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Better times now or soon, so plan well and work hard. June 22 (late evening only) good. Seek changes and progress. June 23 (midday hours) poor, balance fair. June 24 (forenoon and near midnight hours) poor, but from 10.30 to 11.30 p.m. good, and rest fair. Be cautious from June 27 to 29.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Improvements possible now, but continue to live quietly. This applies particularly to June 23 and June 24.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Let urgent matters wait for at least four weeks, for difficulties will beset all your plans for a while. Live quietly. Avoid changes, opposition, loss, arguments, and partings. June 23 to June 27 (evenings) poor.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): June 22 (before 8 a.m.) excellent. Late evenings fair. June 29 (round dusk) fair; rest poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get busy now. June 22 (after 8 p.m.) good. June 27 (midday hours) poor, but rest fair. June 24 (from 10.30 to 11.30 p.m.) good, but forenoon and midnight poor. June 27 (late afternoon) fair, rest poor. June 29 (to 2 p.m.) fair, then excellent to 9 p.m.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

FILM GUIDE

★★★ **Seven Sweethearts.** A veritable tonic for the times—a musical comedy set in a tulip festival at a Dutch village in Michigan. Van Heflin is the wise-cracking reporter, with Kathryn Grayson, singing gloriously, as the enchanting heroine.—Liberty; showing.

★★★ **In Which We Serve.** Noel Coward's great epic of World War II. Story of British destroyer Torrin from her launching in 1939 to her sinking off Crete. Written, produced, directed, and acted by Noel Coward, with brilliant performances by John Mills and supporting cast.—Regent; showing.

★★ **Nightmare.** A fast-moving but involved murder melodrama with the inevitable Nazi secret agents. Diana Barrymore handles capably the role of a young English society woman, and is well supported by Brian Dunleavy as a luckless gambler.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ **Footlight Serenade.** Musical film with Betty Grable as chorus girl, Vic Masters as the boxer, and John Payne as likeable hero, and the spotlight on Betty dancing, and songs by Robin and Rainger.—Mayfair; showing.

★ **North-West Rangers.** James Craig in Clark Gable gambler role, in North-West Mounties story. Pat Dane is attractive as honky-tonk singer, and William Lundigan wins the girl in the end.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cockaigne, have embarked on a new adventure. While giving an exhibition of his magic at an orphanage Mandrake is attracted to little

DANNY SMITH: Who explains his failure to enjoy the show by stating that his father, a bank-teller, has been wrongly accused of theft. The magician agrees to investigate the case, but on interviewing

TELLER SMITH: At the local gaol can gain no satisfactory information. All the suspect can tell him is that he was counting money in his cage, with a customer standing at the window, when about £5000 in notes vanished.

NOW READ ON:

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NEW GUINEA TROOPS opening parcels from the Australian Comforts Fund. Padre Hartley got boys to fill their pockets with comforts he brought them for their mates in the front line.

Boys say he deserves a V.C.

. . . call him the "mad padre"

AT SANANANDA, Padre Hartley by the grave of an Australian soldier.

Braved Jap snipers to carry troops' mail

"He's mad, quite mad—but he deserves the V.C."

This is what an A.I.F. captain in New Guinea said about Padre Frank ("Happy") Hartley, the slight, bright-eyed man who throughout the Buna, Gona, and Sanananda campaigns went up to the front lines with mail and comforts for the troops.

PADRE "Happy" Hartley, whose nickname dates from his schooldays, became a Methodist military chaplain in September, 1940. He is now 34.

In six months' service in New Guinea he has further enhanced a reputation for courage and cheerfulness earned in the Middle East, and in camps all over Australia.

Captain A. H. McCulloch tells the story of Padre Hartley's selfless devotion to the troops.

"Our Christmas mail came through to the front line" he says. "A padre brought it up.

"The regiment was far forward, lying in holes, sniped at incessantly, wet, hungry, and more miserable than ever before in their lives.

"Up the trail came Chaplain Hartley, with a sugar bag of mail on his shoulders, as unconcernedly as if he were taking a pleasant stroll.

"They pulled him down and asked what he was thinking of to run such risks.

"His reply was: 'I knew you'd want your Christmas mail.'

"We reminded him that there were snipers.

"With a matter-of-factness that amazed us, he said:

"'Now you come to mention it, I think I was sniped at two or three times on the way up.'

"'And did you lie down then?' we asked.

"'No. I thought if I was to be killed I had rather be walking along than lying on my face in the mud.'"

Padre Hartley stayed there with the captain's unit, attended to the wounded, brought in many badly wounded men, and on one occasion, when the men themselves weren't game to move a finger, went out to a man they knew was hit, and most probably killed.

"He found his body, dug a grave, and buried him, standing cap in hand to read the service—and, as we found later, a Japanese machine-gun not 30 yards away.

"The regiment's love and admiration for a brave man found expression when every man who was able, regardless of faith and denomination, attended the last church parade he held before they left New Guinea," the captain adds.

"I have seen many gallant men, but none more gallant than Chaplain Hartley. No padre is more universally loved and venerated."

Padre Hartley's wife, who lives in Caulfield, Vic., says he made a passing reference to the Christmas mail in his letters home, but she has since received fuller details.

On Christmas Eve the men at the rear perimeter managed to get through to those stranded at a forward one.

When the ration party came down with the wounded on Christmas morning the padre put it to them that they try to make Christmas Day something special.

Each of the 100 men had to carry a haversack full of food, ammunition, and so on, as well as his fighting gear, and the track was dangerous and difficult.

However, each man managed to poke some tobacco or cigarettes into his pockets, and stuffed his shirt with cartons of boiled lollies which the Comforts Fund had sent.

The padre took the two mailbags in his arms and a sandbag full of sweets and tobacco on his back, and they were received with great rejoicing—comforts and mail for all.

At one stage in the campaign an A.I.F. advance squadron had captured a Japanese camp, but were cut off for five days. The main body of troops received faint communications by wireless.

Padre Hartley was working with the doctor at another perimeter camp which had been established by Americans.

After five days another squadron was able to contact the cut-off squadron by establishing a supply track which passed in and out the Japanese positions.

The next day Padre Hartley set out for the squadron in the forward perimeter with the ration party. He went over the track so often that an officer named it "Hartley's Track."

Heroic deeds

AFTER the close of the campaign the padre carried out the sad task of identifying men killed in battle and tending their graves.

"The casualty lists have been published and the next-of-kin are writing to me for details of where their loved ones are buried," he wrote to his wife.

"Two bodies lying in one hole we buried together, and on their cross inscribed, 'Here lie two Australians who gave their lives to save a friend.'

"A man had been badly wounded, so his cobber crawled out to him and managed to apply a tourniquet under fire.

"However, he, too, was badly hit, and another pal crawled out.

"By their combined efforts the first man was able to get clear of the hole and was later dragged to safety, but his two rescuers paid the supreme price and died together in the hole from which they had saved their mate.

"One other such incident made a deep impression on us all.

"A troop went wide in an outflanking movement. When the first man was hit his cobbers, hearing his cry, prepared to go to his aid.

"He waved them back, calling that he was pinned by machine-gun fire and they would be hit if they came to him. Naturally, the mates still came on to help him.

"Seeing his warnings unheeded, the wounded man picked himself up and threw his body at the machine-gun.

"Of course, he was just riddled with bullets, but his act saved the rest.

"Before we could complete our task we had to wait with the Americans who had taken over the forward perimeter, till their barrages went over.

"Finally, after the barrage lifted, the infantry went in to mop up. We followed in on their heels, and by evening every soldier who had been killed had been given a Christian burial.

"As I made my way back to camp I had a glorious sense of accomplishment.

"I knew how much it would mean to the relatives to receive definite news of the burial of their loved ones."

After reaching the rest camp Padre Hartley and all the men who were with him were in hospital with malaria.

He came home for leave, rejoined his unit, and had malaria again, but is now back with his unit.

When war broke out, the Rev. Hartley was at the Methodist Church at Orbost (Vic.) He was doing a good deal of work at military camps then, and his wife took over his religious duties, including the preaching, in his absence.

Mrs. Hartley met her husband when they were both studying for the Licentiate of Theology at Queen's College, Melbourne University. They were married in 1939 at the College Chapel by Rev. A. E. Albiston, who first introduced them.

Their son, Francis, aged two, is the image of his father.

PADRE F. J. HARTLEY, formerly of Melbourne, whose selfless devotion to duty has made him a hero in the eyes of New Guinea troops.

MRS. FRANK HARTLEY, wife of Padre "Happy" Hartley, and their young son, Francis, aged two years.

They're charming.... They're clever.... They're like thousands of other Australian girls you know!

Commencing MONDAY Next

With

Marshall Crosby (Digger Hale)
Madge Thomas (Mrs. Hale)
Sheila Sewell (Elizabeth)
Lesley Pope (Monica)
Celestine Connors (Peggy)
Madeleine Howell (Joan)
Walter Pym (Allan)
John Gray (Bill)
Madeleine Orr (Aunt Rose Parry)
Alfred Bristowe (Grandpa Hale)
John Sherwood (Chester Skinner)

Hear their true-to-life saga in Radio's great story of These Days

2GB MONDAY TO THURSDAY 6·43 P.M.

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VITAMIN HARVEST . . . for front-line troops

WOMANPOWER. June Osmond among grapes at Leeton, N.S.W., where, owing to manpower shortage, Land Army girls have been harvesting many crops.

TOMATO CROP. Joan O'Keefe, who used to be a city factory worker, is now enjoying Land Army life. She is picking tomatoes to be canned for troops.

CABBAGE PATCH. Thousands of cabbage heads have been cut by these efficient girls, whose willing assistance to farmers is invaluable.

STRONG MAN DIET. Spinach, or "Pop-eye" to the Army, being sorted and graded by girl workers in one of many canneries working full-time on supplies for troops.

SWEET CORN. Mrs. May Oliver doing her bit to ensure that tinned sweet corn can arrive at battle stations as a welcome change of diet.

IMPORTANT JOB. These girls are doing vitally important work in a big cannery which turns many thousands of tons of tomatoes into juice, puree, and sauce.

Photos: Department of Information.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4719878

Continuing . . . Common People

I'LL be on the wharf to see you go. I'll find a way to get in touch with you. Don't you write till you hear."

"I understand," she said. There was something in her tone that made him say: "Listen, Josie. It was good while it lasted . . . It's set you up."

"You haven't done so badly yourself."

"Look at the risk," he said.

"What about me? I don't want another dose—and a bigger one."

The man said: "That's what I'm thinking of. If anything goes wrong it'll be bad for you. That's why it's better that you get out now."

"I see," she said. "Good Samaritan." She gathered up her gloves and bag. "No good prolonging the agony." Suddenly she put her things down again and said earnestly: "There isn't another woman, is there?"

"Don't be silly," he said. He put out his hand and patted her wrist roughly. "I'll be seeing you. We'll team up again somewhere."

She rose. "You better wait," she said. "I feel better for the coffee and for what you said. 'Bye." Under cover of the table her hand sought his but found only the sleeve of his coat. She squeezed it and without looking back hurried out of the cafe.

He poured another cup of coffee, took a cigar from his pocket, bit the end off, lit it, and sat on.

. . . . . .

Later in the day Pel found time to run round and see Linley. He hadn't been invited, but the detective seemed glad to see him. They had quite a talk. When they finished Pel said: "I guess that's all for now." He paused at the door and looked round at Linley, leaning on his desk.

"I meant to ask you," he said, "what's a Galahad. I got an idea. But it ain't clear."

Linley smiled broadly.

"Galahad was a knight," he explained. "Quite a feller. Always rescuing ladies in distress."

Pel considered that. But he didn't smile. Instead, he said: "Those letters! You didn't show 'em to old Maroni?".

Linley shook his head.

"Will you?"

"Not unless it's necessary. No need to rub salt in the wound. Don't let it worry you."

Pel put on his bowler and looked at Linley keenly. "Thanks, pal," he said, and went out.

Pel returned to the shop. Business was warming up. Even the lanky Cecil was getting excited. Sapolio wasn't the only one acting his head off. Ricketty, in an excess of zeal, was becoming a trifle too vehement in his periodic denunciations and had to be tactfully restrained. Pel decided to miss lunch. If Sapolio could do it he could.

He took from his pocket the list that Skin Rogers had given him and ran his finger down the names; then he called a taxi and drove out to a suburb.

Getting out of the cab, he walked down a street and turned into a small stationer's shop. He spoke to the little man with weak eyes who was smoking a cigar behind the counter. "Hello, Sam."

Sam Kitching said: "Hello, Pel. Where you been hiding? Ain't seen you for months."

"Just come out of gaol," Pel said, grinning.

"I don't think," Kitching said. "They don't catch your sort."

From page 5

Pel placed a couple of small bets.

"How's biz?" he asked.

"It's all right."

"They leaving you alone?"

Kitching looked up suspiciously. "Who?"

"Come off it," Pel said. "Skin Rogers told me all you boys are making a pay-out."

"No one worries me," Kitching said, and turned away.

"You're lucky," Pel said. "I was hoping you could give me a lead, Sam."

"Yes?"

Pel paused and looked round carefully. "Know a feller called Gregory?" he asked.

The S.P. man paused quite an appreciable time before he replied: "Nope."

"Oh," Pel looked nonplussed. "It's like this, Sam. I'm running that starving man joint."

"I heard about it," Kitching said.

"Well," Pel went on. "You know what these things are. A man's got to eat some time, hasn't he? It stands to reason. I get the office in a roundabout way that Gregory is on to me."

Kitching took the cigar from his mouth, interested.

"I'm told I've got to make a pay-out or I'll be busted," Pel said. "But it may be a bluff. I don't see anybody. All I got is an address—two addresses. The first is care of someone in Pimlico Flats, and the other cancels the first. I got to make the pay-out to some box number."

Kitching's eyes flickered.

Pel went on: "I don't know what to do." He bit his finger vexatiously.

The other said: "Mind you, I don't know nothing, Pel. If you can stand the racket I'd pay."

"Meaning you do?"

"The bit I hand out don't hurt. I put it down to advertising."

"But who is Gregory?"

"I got my ideas," Kitching said. "But ideas ain't proof. Anyway, even if I was right, what good would it do me? Most of the boys think the same."

"Many making a pay-out?"

"You'd be surprised," Kitching said. "But they ain't worried, because it ain't big. I guess it mounts up though. Tell you something, Pelham. Us S.P. men are small fry to this guy. I got a whisper. You know how you pick up things in this game. Gregory's big fish are dames. The dilly ones that go off the track. He finds out about 'em. Get me?"

"I get you," Pel said. "He's two ends of a——"

He stopped as a woman came into the shop.

"Whatever you were going to say," Kitching said, "I double it."

He walked over to his customer: "What can I do for you, madam?"

As Pel left he heard her say: "I want a packet of cigarettes, and two bob on Speed King in the first."

. . . . . .

Estelle, the armless girl, sat before a low, flat stool. On the stool there was a bottle of ink and a writing pad. Pel was holding the writing pad steady. Holding the pen with her toes the girl dipped into the ink and wrote as he dictated. She wrote slowly and carefully like a conscientious school child.

When she had finished Pel gave her an envelope and she wrote an address.

Dan Carey, who was sitting in the corner, said: "Good girl!"

Micklewitz, the midget, went over and put a cigarette between her lips and lit for her. Pel sealed and stamped the envelope.

Carey said: "I'll be glad when this is over. It takes your mind off business."

Estelle said to Bella: "Are you all set, Bella?"

The blonde girl laughed. She stood up and recited: "The art of tattooing has been handed down from the earliest times. It was practised by the ancients in their religious rites and ceremonies. Tattooing is sometimes accompanied with great pain, and only the strongest can stand up to it. It is a slow and painful process. This gargoyle, for instance . . ."

Carey laughed: "Spare us, Bella. Where's the Professor?"

She said: "I did you a good turn. Now he's finished his academy work he feels like a holiday till the unveiling. I sent him over to play cards with Wang."

"That's the stuff," Carey said. He was still anxious about his giant.

Pel left them and went out and posted the letter Estelle had written. Before he did so he grinned to himself and wiped the surface clean with the edge of his sleeve.

. . . . . .

It was two o'clock in the morning. Outside Sapolio's shop the street was deserted. There was no movement. But, inside the shop, Sapolio moved restlessly up and down his glass prison although there was no one watching him. Ricketty, who had replaced the night watchman, was sitting on the other side of the curtains in the ticket-box.

Now and again Sapolio's pacing ceased and he leaned his face against the glass nearest the door. He was trying to make up his mind. Close by, the post-office clock chimed the quarter-hour.

Rorke turned a corner and strolled slowly towards the shop, a solitary figure. He stood outside and spoke to Ricketty. To his surprise there was no response. He walked closer and looked at the man. He was fast asleep. With a shrug of the shoulders Rorke passed into the shop.

It gave him a little shock to see Sapolio leaning against the glass, staring. His face was a ghastly white, his eyes bloodshot. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of pain and his hand went to his side. A spasm shook his frame, but he recovered and beckoned Rorke to the far end of the "tomb" near the back door of the shop.

He said, as Rorke put his face close to the glass: "You are Mistaire Roger, yes? But, I am glad you have come, m'sieur. I am ver' ill. Somezing 'as gone inside me. Please," he looked cautiously towards the entrance—"you do somezing to 'elp me?"

Rorke did not reply. He was thinking hard. He was wondering why Sapolio called him by another name. The fasting man's hand went to his side again. When the spasm passed he said: "M'sieur Roger, you are good frien' to Pel. I do not tell the police I see you."

RORKE stood stock still. He did not speak. After a bit he looked about him carefully and said: "See me? When?"

Sapolio looked surprised. "Pell 'e no tell you? Zee night M'amselle Maroni is kill. I 'urry for get some olives. I come back. It is in the 'all I see you—at 'er door. She say: 'Mistaire Roger, eh!' Like zat. I remember so well. An' zen you go in 'er room. But I tell to no one. Only Pel."

A spasm shook him again, doubling him up. He pulled the front of his shirt open. "M'sieur Roger, you do somezing for me, please?"

Rorke said: "Wait." He tiptoed to the front door. Ricketty was still asleep. He returned to Sapolio. "What is it?" he asked.

Sapolio said: "It is a little zing, but it always 'elp. No one mus' know, m'sieur. Please to get me one slice—jus' one little slice of 'am fat, you un'erstan? It make me good. You pass through 'ere. No one know. Yes?" He indicated the letter slit.

Rorke hesitated a moment, then he nodded. "Wait," he said, and, unlocking the back door, stepped out, leaving it a little open.

He went through the yard, out the gate, and quickly down the right-of-way into the street. He walked swiftly and stopped at a coffee-stall near a newspaper office. As he seated himself on a stool he called: "Give me a ham sandwich, Charlie. Pronto."

Charlie lifted a glass cover: "There you are, Mr. Rorke. Nice an' fresh."

Rorke said: "Thanks—and some coffee." He picked up the sandwich and, under cover of the counter, slipped out the meat and dropped it into his side pocket. When Charlie returned with the coffee he was eating the bread. He chatted till it had gone, called "Good night," and sauntered off.

Soon he quickened his footsteps, and, making a short cut, was at his office. Here he was busy for a few minutes before retracing his steps. He listened outside the rear door of the shop and peeped in. There was no one there but Sapolio. The fasting man's eyes were on the door and gleamed eagerly as Rorke entered and went to the letter slit.

Sapolio said: "No one 'as been in. You get 'im?"

Rorke took from his pocket a sliver of ham resting on a piece of paper. He slid the fat through the slit, and, as Sapolio took it greedily, withdrew the paper. With a match he set fire to it, stamped it out, scattering the fragments.

Sapolio half smiled. He nodded his approval. "You good fellow, M'sieur Roger. This make Sapolio okey doke again." He swallowed the fat.

Rorke watched him, fascinated, for a second or two; then he tiptoed to the curtained entrance. Ricketty was still sleeping. He went to the back door, looked over his shoulder at Sapolio, who waved, and slipped out.

When he had gone Sapolio sat down and began a note to Pel. He had written only a few lines when he suddenly slumped in his chair, the pen fell from his hands, and his eyes rolled. He rose with an effort, staggered to his bed, and collapsed, moaning.

Ricketty, awakening refreshed, looked about him guiltily. The post office clock chimed a quarter to. He stretched himself and walked up and down in front of the shop. There was a policeman standing at the corner. Ricketty rather hoped he would stroll down and have a yarn. He went inside the shop and stopped dead.

Sapolio was standing by his bed, his face contorted. He was trying to speak. His mouth opened and shut, a paroxysm shook him and he nearly fell, clutching at the back of a chair for support.

He saw Ricketty staring helplessly, and suddenly lifted a soda water bottle from his table and hurled it with all his might. The glass splintered and in a trice he was clawing at the broken pane with his bare hands. A huge piece of glass gave way and fell with a crash inside the "tomb," and he began to clamber out, but as Ricketty gazed, horrified, his head jerked upward and he fell forward over the jagged glass.

Ricketty, horror - stricken, didn't move. All power seemed to have deserted his legs. The thing he had prophesied so often to the idlers outside had come true. With an effort he recovered himself and stepped over Sapolio's body. There was blood everywhere. He put his hand on the fasting man's shoulder and tried to turn his face around, but he was too heavy.

Almost ready to cry, Ricketty stood, bewildered, looking about him helplessly. His eye fell on the paper Sapolio had been writing. It had fallen to the ground, and, mechanically, Ricketty picked it up. Someone called from outside: "Anyone here?"

He stuffed the paper into his pocket and cried: "Quick! Help!"

A man came round the corner, peering. He said, "Great heavens," and ran out and brought the policeman from the corner.

Please turn to page 20

Family life of an old Digger

2GB's new radio serial

"Digger Hale's Daughters," a new serial which will be broadcast from Station 2GB commencing on June 28, will present something out of the ordinary in the way of sagas of family life.

It is a picture of an Australian household, and will reflect the difference between life to-day and life as it was before the current war.

THE story is one of little triumphs, of everyday heroisms, of patience, sacrifice, and laughter and tears. It epitomises the courage of ordinary people, facing up to the problems of the world as it is to-day.

Digger Hale is 50 years of age, and an accountant with a big city firm. A Digger from the last war, he has been a bit of a rough diamond in his time. He has a favorite saying that "if he starts a thing he always finishes it," and invariably he finishes it the wrong way round.

Emily, his wife, was an English girl, and met her husband in London during the last war. She is still very much in love, although rather testy at times over his follies.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, is 27, and is a private secretary in the American Army Headquarters. She is an unusual type—neither beautiful nor plain, with little dress sense, and rather shy and self-conscious. Yet there is something about her that makes her a pillar of strength in times of trouble.

Monica, aged eighteen, is the antithesis of Elizabeth. She is a lovely girl, and is employed as a photographic model in a large advertising agency. She knows all about clothes and the art of being beautiful; she is vivacious and popular, but selfish in her outlook.

Next comes Peggy, aged sixteen, freckled-faced tomboy of the family. Then Joan, aged twelve, a lanky schoolgirl with a talent for art, and a passion for the art teacher.

There are two boys in the family as well, and Grandpa Hale, who fancies himself something of an Edison. The family is completed by Aunt Rose Parry, a widow with a fox terrier pup that causes no end of trouble.

Much care has gone into the casting of the various roles. Marshall Crosby plays Digger Hale; Madge Thomas, Emily Hale; Sheila Sewell, Elizabeth; Lesley Pope, Monica; Celestine Conners, Peggy; Madeleine Howell, Joan; Walter Pym, Allan; John Gray, Bill; Alfred Bristowe, Grandpa Hale; and Madeline Carr, Aunt Rose.

MARSHALL CROSBY, who will play Digger Hale in "Digger Hale's Daughters."

"Digger Hale's Daughters," which is from the pen of Max Afford, will be broadcast from 2GB at 6.43 p.m. every Monday to Thursday.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 23: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, June 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."
FRIDAY, June 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, June 26: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, June 27 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, June 28: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, June 29: Musical Alphabet.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"We don't know what it is, but it's very popular because it isn't rationed!"

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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Fashion PATTERNS

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and full address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

P3298. — Smart contrast style. Note belted cuffs, waistline, and the rever collar harmonising with skirt, which features front fullness. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide, for skirt; 2½yds. for top; ½yd. for collar. Pattern, 1/7.

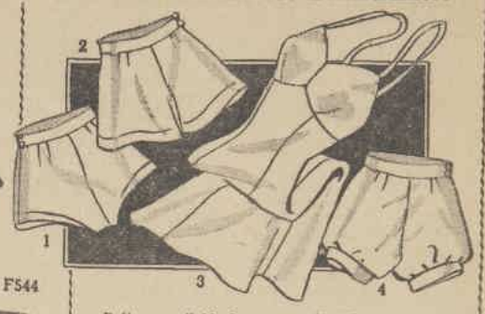
F3204. — Engaging frock with its round neck, wide-shaped cummerbund, bell-cuffed sleeves. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 34ins., wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F544. — Smartly tailored two-piece, featuring patch pockets, back and front panel. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3339.—Cleverly designed and most becoming. 32 to 44in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins., for size 32 to 36; 3yds. for 38 to 44. Pattern, 1/7.

F1189.—Attractive, well-cut pyjama suit. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

EXPERTLY DESIGNED UNDERWEAR

(Sizes 32, 34, and 36 bust).

No. 1 requires 1 yard, 36ins. wide.
No. 2 requires 1½ yards, 36ins. wide.
No. 3 requires 2½ yards, 36ins. wide.
No. 4 requires 1½ yards, 36ins. wide.

Concession coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 358A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
STREET .....
SUBURB .....
TOWN .....
STATE .....
SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 26/6/43

Fashion Frock Service

"THELMA" frock in checked staple fibre

HERE you see a smartly designed frock for every-day service.

The style features a jumper and skirt effect, although cut in one piece. Note unusual yoke with cleverly introduced pocket flaps, belted waistline, and long, slim sleeves, and neat, turn-down collar. Skirt has double pleats in front; plain back.

"Thelma" is fashioned from staple fibre (a lightweight woollen material) and features inch-size checks, and comes in burgundy, royal, rust, turquoise, and navy.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. busts, 49/11 (13 coupons), and 1/9½ postage. 36, 38, and 40-inch busts, 52/6 (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 38/11 (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage, and 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 42/- (13 coupons), 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain **"THELMA."** In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3496 RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

Needlework notions

Small boy's suit

THE snappy little suit you see at right comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on linette all in readiness for cutting out and making up.

You can choose between lemon, green, blue, ochre, pink, and white.

Note novel button-fastening and turn-back collar. Short trousers button to shirt.

Size 2 to 4 years, 5/11 (5 cpns.), 4 to 6 years, 6/6 (5 cpns.) Postage, 4½d.

When ordering, please ask for No. 283.

For small girls

THIS is an attractive little ready-to-make. Traced on a plain flat crepe of good heavy quality, this frock comes in shades of dusty pink, Olympic blue, Argentine blue, wine, and navy. It is a plain little style with interesting front panel effect and turndown Peter Pan collar.

Sizes, 4 to 6 years, 9/11 (10 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 10/6 (10 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 11/6 (10 coupons). Plus 5½d. postage extra.

When ordering, please quote No. 218.

Organdie luncheon set

GRAPE leaves tumble in a most artistic way over this dainty luncheon set designed for use in the summer months to come.

You may purchase the ready-to-embroider pieces individually if you wish. They come in pink, blue, and white organdie.

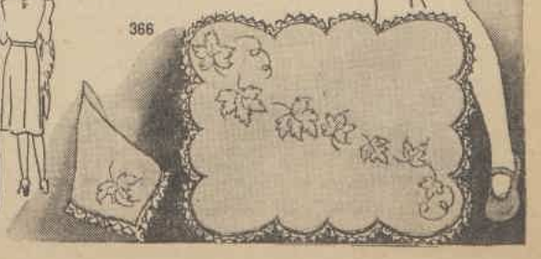
Centre costs 1/3, place-mats 10d, serviettes 10d. Postage 1½d.

Seven-piece set consisting of one centre and six place-mats costs 5/6.

Thirteen-piece set consisting of centre and 12 place-mats costs 7/11.

Postage, 2½d. extra.

When ordering, please quote No. 366.



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DISCUSSING PLANS for a musicale at the Town Hall on June 28, for the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W. From left: Peggy Dunbar, Mrs. Harold Bolt, Mrs. Hope Gibson, the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. J. Bartley). Standing: Connie Stuart.

ARRIVING at the Sacred Heart Church, Mosman, for her wedding to Staff-Sergeant John Clancy, Miss Estelle Wootten is accompanied by Mr. Harry Hoare, who gave her away.

PATIENTS AT 103rd A.G.H. Standing: Lance-Corporal E. J. Parker and Private R. Evans. Sitting: Privates D. Hannah and E. Nean, with Hermea Moore, who plays leading part in A.B.C. war play at Conservatorium this Friday and Saturday, for hospital funds.

On and Off Duty.

COULD you judge by hearing over the radio whether a man is singing in a hot shower, in a cold shower, or in cold blood, or whether a comedian was singing in a circus arena, from an elephant's back, or in a lion's den?

These are all questions asked in the "Pounds for Sounds" Red Cross Competition heard over Station 2CH or 2KO every Friday night at 8.

Competition is Australia-wide, and appeal is made for listeners to send entries, and entry money of sixpence in form of Red Cross Seals.

President of N.S.W. committee, Mrs. Nigel Smith, tells me that when same competition was broadcast over the B.B.C. it raised £80,000 for the Red Cross after only 16 sessions.

"So, of course, we are hoping to do the same," she tells me.

• • •

MONICA BREEN chooses this Saturday as date for her wedding to Corporal Harry Collinge at St. Philip's.

Monica, who is fifth daughter of late Mr. John Breen and of Mrs. Breen, of Windsor, Brisbane, will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Dennis Redhead, and Harry, who is the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Granville Collinge, of London, will be attended by Douglas Hammonds.

• • •

WHIRLWIND romance for 18-year-old Noni Lock and U.S. Air Corps Lieutenant T. J. Quinlivan. They are married at the Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley, exactly ten days after their first meeting.

Noni is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Lock, of Bronte, and the bridegroom, who is attended by U.S. Lieutenant Paul Slocum, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Quinlivan, of Denver, Colorado.

Noni wears magnolia satin wedding gown and 100-year-old Irish lace veil.

NETHERLANDS ROYAL FAMILY. Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard, of the Netherlands, and their three daughters, Princess Irene (left), Princess Margriet Francisca, born in January, and Princess Beatrix, in their home in Toronto, Canada.

FOR her wedding to Pte. Thomas Alfred James Hoare, at St. Andrew's, Zeala Betty Mitchell chooses all-white gown, and carries white roses.

Bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Ellen Robertson Macintosh, of Sydney, and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hoare, of Concord.

• • •

SAPPHIRE chosen by Patricia Aileen, eldest daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Haugh-Thompson, of Croydon, and the late Mr. James Haugh - Thompson, when she announces her engagement to Pte. Kevin Palmer, A.I.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Palmer, of Cardiff, Newcastle.

Betty

LIEUTENANT BILL HOLMES, A.I.F., and his bride, A.I.F. nurse, formerly Joan Cameron, at their wedding reception at Prince's.

THROUGH WINDOW of Red Cross offices in 28 Martin Place, Mrs. E. Roberts and Miss Susan Spencer demonstrate new Prisoner of War sticker, of which a quarter of a million have already been issued.

Heard Around TOWN

CONVALESCENT patients from military hospitals are guests of honor at "Parade of the Stars," concert arranged by the 2/7th Comforts Fund at Paling's Concert Hall, Ash Street.

Committee secretary Rona Wilkinson is delighted with success of the concert, which is greeted with delight by servicemen and servicewomen, who are admitted free.

• • •

MISSED from war charity committees in Orange for past few weeks, Mrs. P. R. D. Hollis, who is a patient in Gloucester House, is on the road to recovery.

• • •

MASCOT Women's Auxiliary of Crown Street Women's Hospital, headed by President Mrs. Colin Dransfield, Mrs. V. Sharp, and Mrs. E. Whitbread, hand over annual cheque of £60 to Matron Shaw at afternoon at the hospital.

ON his return after nine months at sea, Leading-Seaman George Ralph O'Dowd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Dowd, of Maroubra, announces his engagement to Patricia June Alchin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Alchin, of Liverpool.

• • •

ENGAGEMENT announced: Beryl Margaret, elder daughter of the late Mr. E. Abrahams, and of Mrs. Abrahams, of Bondi, to Ralph Ernest, youngest son of Mr. P. E. Doctor, of Bondi, and of Mrs. Doctor, of Bellevue Hill.

• • •

ON thirty-third anniversary of Osborne Ladies' College, Blackheath, Education Minister Clive Evatt presents Leaving and Intermediate certificates to successful pupils. At conclusion of presentations he plants an oak tree in school grounds to commemorate the anniversary.

LEAVING Shore Chapel. Corporal Ewan Marr, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Pamela Graham, attended by Margaret and John Graham.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON MUSICALE. Mrs. Rita Mays (pianist) and Clare Hartge (violinist), artists at Sunday afternoon musicale at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, entertain Gunner Vickie Barrington and Machinist's Mate N. Peterson between numbers.

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Movie World

Busiest girl in film colony

DEANNA DURBIN is one of the busiest girls in Hollywood these days. Universal Studios are rushing her from one film to another, and as soon as the final scenes of "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday" were completed Deanna started work on "Hers to Hold." The story of this film, which deals with women in war work, was purchased by Universal's London office from R.A.F. pilot Derek Bolton.

Even though the studio keeps Deanna working at top pressure, she still manages to do a magnificent job of war work. She has travelled all over America on war bond tours, visited Army posts in entertainment units, broadcast for the Government, and at the same time been an active worker at the Red Cross and a voluntary helper at the Hollywood Canteen.

While she is working on a film, the petrol and tyre rationing make it necessary for Deanna to move temporarily at least to Universal Studios, because it is a half-hour drive from the studio to her Brentwood home. Her example is expected to be followed by other Hollywood stars whose homes are in districts far from the respective studios.

● *In "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday," Deanna Durbin emerges a glamorous and grown-up personality. As the American girl who evacuates a group of children from the Orient, Deanna has an opportunity to reveal her dramatic ability.*

\+ + +

● *Ever since her screen debut, Deanna has kept a collection of 16-millimetre prints of all her films, and now, through the Red Cross Entertainment Unit, she has made these films available to out-of-the-way army camps and hospitals.*

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EXHAUSTING LINGERING
BRONCHIAL COUGHS
QUICKLY STOPPED

Three-way relief for coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore, harsh throats.

MOUNTAIN MIXTURE lets you breathe. A single dose eases the tight screwed-up congestion, and the warming, penetrating thymus, carrageen and peppermint relieve the cough that leaves you breathless and makes your throat red raw. MOUNTAIN MIXTURE acts at once, so get in touch with its soothing benefits right away. Buy a bottle under the guarantee that unless your cold begins to clear at once you may have your money back.

SOOTHES DEEP DOWN

Mountain Mixture
PEPPERMINT

A night to remember

1 **NOVELIST JEFF** (Aherne) and wife Nancy (Loretta Young) rent flat where odd behaviour of tenants promises material for Jeff's book.

2 **IN A NEARBY RESTAURANT** Jeff gets into fight when he learns that Kaufman, who is a stranger to him, is planning to meet another man in his flat the following night.

3 **NEXT MORNING** Nancy and Jeff discover Kaufman has been murdered in their flat, and they are questioned by the police.

4 **OTHER TENANTS** in the building are all being blackmailed by an unknown person, and suspect each other of the murder.

5 **JEFF**, deciding to unravel the crime, cultivates Polly (Lee Patrick), in whose restaurant he heard Kaufman make fatal appointment.

6 **UNCOVERING** blackmailer-killer, Jeff tackles him, but is accidentally knocked out by Nancy.

MYSTERY WITH COMEDY TWIST

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LAWFORD looked at her in surprise, and Wilson asked quickly, "What do you mean . . . 'you did'?"

"It sounds like a story," said Lawford, and there was a little more life to her voice now. "Do you feel like telling it?"

"Well, it's not a story I like to remember, really," Taylor replied, then added, with a dry smile, "But no doubt Wilson here will approve of me lots more after she's heard it." And, taking another cigarette from the tin and settling back in her chair, she began.

"It was during the last war. I was a nurse on a hospital ship and we had a big list of casualties, among them a few German prisoners. They were nice lads . . . new recruits to the German Air Force . . . they were just youngsters . . ." She pulled hard on her cigarette and then went on.

"It was a rough trip . . . big seas breaking over us and a terrible gale blowing. And—on the second day out we struck a mine!" She paused, but nobody spoke.

"The daylight was nearly gone and, as I said, there was a terrific sea running. Half the boats were capsized before they even hit the water . . . everything was noise and confusion. Anyway . . . to cut a long story short . . . I was a bit lucky and managed to get my quota of men into a lifeboat—more than my quota, in fact.

"She was dangerously loaded when they let go the davits, and some of them were pretty badly wounded; but we were the last boat that was left and anybody not on board went down with the ship, which was listing badly. We were just swinging away from the side when one of the Aussies in the boat called out to the officer to hold her. He'd just caught sight of one of the German youngsters—we called him Fritz—standing on deck watching that last boat leave.

"Our men begged me to take him. One chap, old enough to be his father and minus a leg, wanted to give up his place to him. The boy didn't plead, but there was a look of dumb fear in his eyes as he stood there facing quite certain death.

"In that few seconds I think I lived half my life. If we took him I knew something would have to go, and there were only two things we could get rid of—the medical kit and the stores. I knew that we needed both. I wouldn't look at Fritz. I couldn't. The officer on deck called out an order and the boat began to be lowered. Slowly she was leaving the ship . . . leaving that youngster . . . and suddenly I couldn't bear it and I called to him, frantically, to jump.

"As he did so, and before the boat hit the water, I threw over the kit and most of the stores." Her voice had got lower, and now it could hardly be heard as she finished. "We got away . . . just in time. A few minutes later . . . we watched her go down."

"Good for you, Taylor!" Wilson was enthusiastic. "I'll bet you were pleased you'd saved that kid, or he'd have gone with her."

"Yes," said Taylor quietly, "he'd have gone, too. I told myself that all the first day while we waited and hoped for a rescue. But we weren't picked up. And the second day came and still no one sighted us. Some of the men were terribly ill and I had nothing . . . no dressings . . . nothing. Then one of them died . . . and I knew I'd been wrong."

"But . . ." Wilson didn't sound quite so certain. "He might have died, anyhow."

"That's what I tell myself," Taylor replied slowly, "but I can't always believe it. And I can't bluff myself over the second one who went . . . or the third."

"Three of them!" Wilson's voice was only a whisper.

"Yes, three of them. Three lives against one. So you see, Wilson, I was weak . . . and I was wrong."

"But you weren't to know," said Wilson defensively. "You did the only possible thing."

"On the contrary," said Taylor firmly, "I took the easy way out . . . and there's never anything to be said in favor of that."

"You really think that?" Lawford spoke for the first time, and her voice was strangely serene.

"I've proved it," replied Taylor. "But," and she sighed a little, "it's no use maundering about it. It's all gone by twenty years . . . and we've got another war on our hands now. So I reckon we'd better get some sleep." She rose and moved towards the door, but Wilson stopped her by a question.

"Taylor," she asked, her voice subdued, "did you ever find out what happened to the young German . . . Fritz?"

"Fritz! Oh . . . oh, yes, he was saved, all right . . . as a matter of fact, he was so grateful he kept up a correspondence with me for some time. The last I heard of him"—and she smiled wryly—"he had a job in Japan, training Japanese pilots. Funny, isn't it? Good-night."

"Good-night, Taylor." Lawford rose and held out her hand. "And . . . thanks for the story."

. . . . . .

Half an hour later, as they undressed in the little room that they shared, Wilson turned to Taylor. "That was a pretty grim story you told to-night, Taylor."

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Taylor dryly. "I even surprised myself."

"Surprised yourself!" Wilsdn looked at her in bewilderment, but Taylor was chuckling.

"I specially liked that bit about Fritz training Jap pilots. That was quite inspirational, don't you think?"

"Taylor!" Wilson stopped short with one shoe in her hand. "Do you mean . . . do you mean it wasn't true?"

"Of course it wasn't true, you ass," Taylor replied. "I wasn't even in the last war. Now, hurry up and get into bed."

"But . . ." Wilson mechanically finished her undressing. "But, then, why on earth did you tell it?"

"Because, you half-wit, Lawford was that nurse in Malaya. Oh, I know I hadn't told you," she continued as Wilson began to protest, "but if you'd had a ha'p'orth of brains you'd have guessed. Now, go to sleep. I'm fagged."

"I don't wonder," said Wilson, looking at Taylor with new understanding. "I certainly don't wonder . . . after that effort at invention, Taylor . . ."

But Taylor's only answer was to switch out the light.

(Copyright)

The Greatest Good

Continued from page 3

DO YOU KNOW?

CANNIBAL CHIEF ATE ENEMY — Then hammered enemy's tooth. The Cannibal Chief Si-Gallan wore a gold chain and bamboo snuff-box. On the lid of the snuff-box was implanted the canine tooth of his most hated enemy. Each time the chief used the box, he struck the tooth with his fist, believing he was still inflicting blows on his late enemy.

KING CHARLES OF SPAIN FEARED DEMONS WOULD ENTER HIS MOUTH—King Charles II. of Spain had his confessor and two friars sit beside his bed while he slept, for fear the demons would enter his open mouth while he slept and give him disease!

MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL SO CLEAN—Brush, brush, brush with Kolynos and keep down tooth decay. Kolynos removes dangerous food deposits in which decay germs breed. And talk about economical! Half an inch of Kolynos on a dry brush is enough to cleanse every tooth thoroughly.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Common People

Continued from page 14

THE police car brought Pel from his home. White and trembling, he stood by his friend's dead body, listening to the doctor. Sapollo had been poisoned. There was no doubt of it in the medical mind. Still, there would be a proper examination, of course.

Linley came up: "This is an awful business, Pelham."

They had questioned Ricketty, and in the end he broke. He remembered two o'clock striking. He woke at a quarter to three. It was during that forty-five minutes it happened, and he was inconsolable.

Linley conjectured: "He might have poisoned himself."

Pel shook his head.

"Well," the detective said. "How could he get it? Come clean, Pelham. The starving man's secrets don't matter now. How did you feed him?"

"We didn't," Pel said. "It was on the level. The only way he could get anything would be through here." He led the way to the letter slit. Linley bent down and examined the little aperture. He said: "You could pass enough poison through here to kill a dozen—on a sandwich, for instance, cut thin."

There was a sudden interruption from Ricketty. "I knew there was something, Pel," he cried. "Look." He showed them the paper he had picked up from the floor of Sapollo's "tomb," and told them where he had found it. "See," he said. "It says something about a bit of ham——"

Linley snatched the paper. He read swiftly: "Rogers!" he said.

He handed the paper to Pel, who held it with trembling fingers.

"Where does Rogers live?" Linley asked.

Pel told him.

"By himself?"

"He has a chap does things for him."

"Come on," Linley said. "We'll go round." He gave some orders.

Pel said: "What about Sapolio's wife—Marie, I mean?"

Linley looked at his watch. "It's very early," he said. "Bad news can wait. What could she do, anyway?"

. . . . . .

At Rogers' flat they rang a number of times. Rogers' man opened the door at last.

"Where's Mr. Rogers?" Linley asked, pushing his way in. "I'm the police."

"The police." The man was palpably shaken.

"Yes," said Linley testily. "Get Mr. Rogers up."

"But, sir, he's not here," the man said.

Pel said: "Not here? Where is he?"

"I wasn't to tell anyone," the man said. "Mr. Rogers particularly told me not to tell anyone but—but as it seems to be a—a police matter, I suppose I'd better."

"You'd better," Linley said with meaning.

"Well, sir, Mr. Rogers is at the Belgrave Hotel. You see, sir, he was married last night. He's on his honeymoon."

Linley looked at Pel blankly. Pel was thinking of the note he had read. He said: "Linley, I'm a fool. Check up on Skin. Don't spoil his honeymoon. You don't want him."

"No," Linley said with slight sarcasm. "Then who do we want?"

"If you and me can talk quietly," Pel said, "we'll know to-morrow night."

To be concluded

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You'll look younger in this . . .

● Charming white jumper with flower-garlanded pocket-flaps. Directions for long and short sleeves are given below.

THIS jumper has been designed to fit sizes 32 to 34. You are requested to use the wools specified, otherwise success of the garment cannot be expected. Use your own discretion as to color.

No need to be a professional. Anyone who can wield the knitting needles can make this youthful woolly.

Materials required: 8 skeins (short sleeves), 10 skeins (long sleeves), Sun-Glo Shrink-proof, Sunbeam super or Wilga 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons. Colored wools for embroidery.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 26ins. Bust, 32-34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st.-st., stocking-stitch; sl.-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet.

Tension: 13 sts., 2ins; 17 rows, 2ins.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 110 sts. When work measures 12½ins., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7ins., shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete.

Next Row: K 41 sts., leave remaining 45 sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., k into back of cast-on sts., p to end of row. Continue in st.-st., keeping the 4 cast-on sts. in garter-st., and when armhole measures 5½ins., cast off 9 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge, cast on 4 sts., k to end of row. Continue in st.-st. on these 49 sts., and make buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. above opening, and 2 more 1in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 1, cast off 2 sts., k 2, cast off 2 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: P to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 2, cast on 2 sts., p 1. When armhole measures 5½ins., cast off 12 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 7ins., shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 58 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st.-st., increasing 1 st each end of every 8th row until increased to 88 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 28 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 80 sts. K into back of sts. P 1 row, purling twice into every 4th st. (100 sts.). Work in st.-st. for 2ins. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row 3 times, then every row 3 times. Cast off. Make 1in. hem around edge, rounding corners.

IMITATION POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 28 sts. Work in st.-st. for 1½ins. Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 2 sts. Cast off. Work 1 row of d.c. around edge.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st.-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

CROCHET FLOWERS

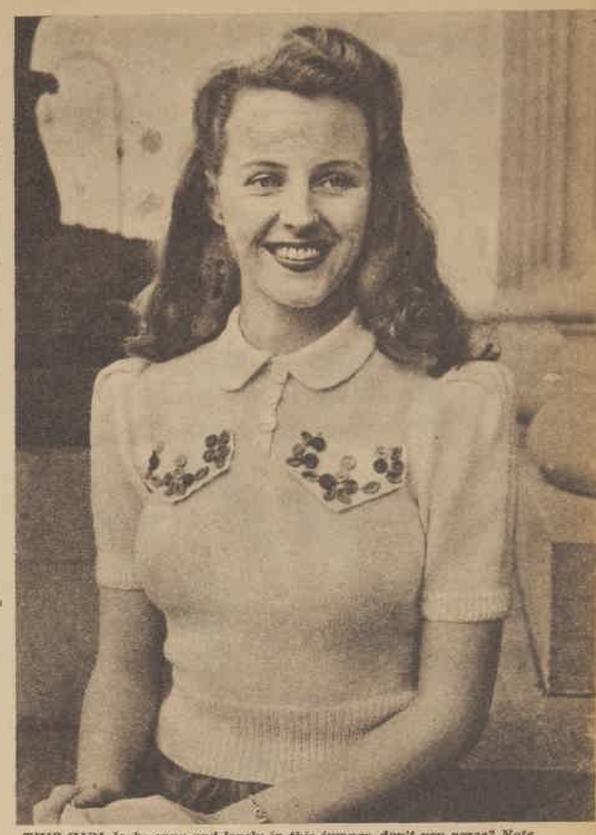
Work 4 chain and join into a ring with a sl.-st. Work 3 chain, then work 13 treble into ring and join with a sl.-st. to the 3 chain. Fasten off. Make as many flowers as required.

CROCHET LEAVES

Work 7 chain, miss 1st chain, 1 d.c. into each of next 2 chain, 1 treble into each of next 2 chain, 1 d.c. into next chain, 4 d.c. into last chain. Work down the other side as follows: 1 d.c. into 1st chain, 1 treble into each of next 2 chain, 1 d.c. into each of last 2 chain. Fasten off. Make as many leaves as required.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves around armholes. Sew in shoulder pads. Sew on collar. Stitch back facing on right front, stitching buttonholes together. Sew flowers and leaves on pockets, then sew pockets on jumper. Sew buttons on left front.



THIS GIRL looks snug and lovely in this jumper, don't you agree? Note extended shoulder-line, the way it buttons to the throat. The vivid leaves and flowers that decorate the pocket-flaps can be made from scraps of wool.

Make yourself a . . . STURDY SHOPPING BAG

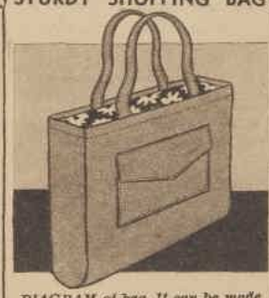


DIAGRAM of bag. It can be made from a discarded sugar-bag or any strong fabric. Line it if you wish.

PATRICIA DAY went on a shopping tour with this bag—and liked it. So will you. It measures 11½ x 13½. Outside flap holds purse. If you would like a pattern send 1/1 and ask for No. 374.

Aunt Polly says

Seems to me a woman cries for either one o' two reasons: she's tender-hearted, or she's hopin' to make someone else feel tender-hearted.

* * * *

Did you ever stop to thank your stars for Rinso? There's nothing to touch those rich thick suds for grimy overalls and heavy shirts as well as fine linens.

* * * *

The girl who never lets a man catch her wearing an apron has plenty o' trouble catching a husband.

* * * *

Some people would be mighty rich if they could get a penny for every opinion they give away free.

* * * *

It kinda cheers me to think that folks don't have to be rich to make washday real easy. Just a squeeze through Rinso suds and silks and woollies come up like new.

Rinso's richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle

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VEGETABLE STRATEGY

● Olwen Francis, our food and cookery expert, tells you how to extract 100 per cent. food value from vegetables, and suggests some very good ways of cooking and serving them.

MENU necessities can become menu triumphs if a few basic cookery rules are followed. Eating up your vegetables can be a pleasure.

True vegetable flavors are subtle and palate-satisfying. Too often both flavors and food value go down the sink.

Give your methods the once over and make sure the 100 per cent. vegetable value goes on the plate.

You will like the recipes I have selected for you to try out in the coming weeks. The majority will become general favorites with the family.

There are many bright ideas, too, under the heading, "How to cook and serve vegetables."

SPINACH PUFFS

Two cups cooked spinach, 2 tablespoons thick white sauce, squeeze of lemon, dash of nutmeg, 1 egg, soft white breadcrumbs.

Season the spinach to taste. Combine with the sauce and egg-yolk, lemon, and nutmeg, pounding well. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Dip spoonfuls in the soft crumbs and deep fry in fuming fat. Serve hot with white sauce, flavored with cooked onion sections.

BROAD BEAN SAVORY

Two cups broad beans, 1 cup white sauce, 1½ tablespoons grated cheese, 1½ tablespoons chopped bacon, 2 tomatoes, buttered toast fingers.

Cook the beans by the waterless method, sprinkling lightly before cooking with pepper, salt, sugar, and a little bacon fat. Drain, and place in a greased oven dish. Cover with white sauce. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and chopped bacon, and bake until hot, sizzling, and lightly browned. Serve with toast fingers and hot tomato slices.

CAULIFLOWER MORNAY

One small cauliflower, 1½ cups white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Break the cauliflower into cauliflowerets and cook with about ½ cup water in a tightly-lidded saucepan until just tender.

Strain and place in a greased oven dish. Pour the sauce over the cauliflower. Mix the crumbs and melted butter, add to the cheese, and sprinkle on top of the sauce. Place in a hot oven and bake until hot, sizzling, and brown. Serve with buttered toast fingers.

POTATOES SUZETTE

Four medium-sized, oval-shaped potatoes, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons buttered crumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Scrub the potatoes, slit skin in an oval around the top, brush with melted fat and bake on oven bars until tender, about 30 minutes, in a moderate oven (400deg. F.). Remove top skin and scoop out potato pulp carefully, mash and season. Refill the shell almost to the top, break an egg into each, season and sprinkle with a mixture of buttered crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 7 minutes, just long enough to set eggs, and brown lightly.

SAVORY TURNIP CUPS

Four turnips, 1 cup finely-minced meat, 1 teaspoon onion, 1 tablespoon parsley, 2 tablespoons white sauce, ½ teaspoon curry, 1 tablespoon browned breadcrumbs.

Peel the turnips and cook, whole, until tender. Cut off tops and scoop turnip from inside. Mash this pulp finely and combine with the meat, onion, parsley, white sauce, and curry powder. Season further to taste and pile into turnip cups. Sprinkle with crumbs and bake until piping hot and lightly browned. Serve with scalloped potatoes, spinach, and sharp brown sauce.

OVEN BAR POTATOES

Choose potatoes of an even size and scrub and dry. Slit skin evenly around the centre of each potato. Place on oven bars around casserole of meat or any other dish being cooked in the oven at the same time. Allow about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot with butter, pepper, and salt.

CABBAGE AU GRATIN

Two cups finely-shredded cabbage, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 cup milk, ½ cup water or stock, 1 egg.

Cook the cabbage for a few minutes and strain. Combine the crumbs, onion, bacon, and parsley. Place the cabbage in a greased oven-proof dish in layers with the crumbs. Beat the egg and add to the milk and stock and pour over the cabbage. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

SAVORY CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS

One small cooked cauliflower broken into flowerets, 4 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon lemon-juice, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Combine flour, salt, onion, and parsley, add the soda to the milk and beaten egg. Mix the flour to a smooth batter with the liquid and add the lemon-juice. Add the cauliflowerets and deep fry in fuming fat. Delicious with cheese sauce.

How to cook and serve vegetables

● **This will save your money and improve your health. Both are important.**

COOK vegetables, root and green, in a small quantity of water in a tightly-lidded pan. Shred or slice first and season lightly. This method saves food value and flavor.

Use the water strained from vegetables for sauces or soups.

Scrub and not scrape or peel young carrots and parsnips.

Wash pea-pods and use them to flavor soup stock.

Wash turnip peelings and use in soup stock.

Add a little sugar when cooking young carrots, parsnips, beetroot, and cabbage.

Use the green tops of beet as a vegetable. It cooks like spinach.

Serve beetroot sometimes as a hot vegetable. Season with hot spiced vinegar or serve with a white sauce.

Use grated raw beetroot in salad.

Serve grated raw young turnip in salad.

Serve a hot slaw of finely-shredded raw cabbage heated in hot spiced vinegar and a little butter.

Cook cabbage in wedges by the waterless method, serve in wedges with hot roast or savory casserole.

Parboil cabbage leaves and parcel around savory stuffings of seasoned crumbs and minced meat. Cook in a casserole with a small quantity of liquid.

Shred cabbage before cooking, and cook in a lidded pan with very little water and a dot of butter or bacon fat. No odor this way.

Chop spinach very finely after cooking and season with lemon-juice and a little butter or bacon fat.

Cook whole onions in half milk and half water. Season with herbs and thicken the liquid.

Cook sliced potatoes in milk in the oven. A topping of grated cheese is good.

TRY THIS WAY with carrots: Cook whole, toss in a little butter, brown sugar and pepper, and finely chopped mint. Cover, leave for two minutes. Serve these deliciously flavored carrots piping hot.

PURITY is the essence of Pears' Soap. A purity that makes it perfect for your baby's rosclear skin. You can actually *see* this purity for yourself if you just hold a tablet up to the light.

PEARS' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. S. P. PEARS PTY. LTD. Ps.7.27

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Simple savory dishes

● These easy-to-make inexpensive dishes from readers win cash prizes in this week's recipe contest.

OUR mailbag is getting an increasing number of letters from menfolk.

Women always have to look to their laurels in the creative realm of high-class cookery.

It looks as though they are being challenged on their home ground, the field of every-day cookery!

First prize this week goes to a simple, homely breakfast pancake—not much to read, but try it and taste for yourself how good it is.

Able-Seaman Kelly, now of Adelaide, says in his letter that he has had some experience cooking here and there, and reminds us that part of a sailor's job is to risk his life carrying food from one country to another.

Good luck, Seaman Kelly, to you and all your mates.

DRESSED CARROTS are coated with sausage meat, crumbs, and then fried. Choose smallish ones, and serve on small wooden picks as party or supper savories.

ABOVE you see Ruth Hussey, MGM star, with a platter of sausages which she serves piping-hot for supper, with chutney, plum sauce, and french toast.

CURRIED ROAST TRIPE

Wash 2lb. tripe (in one piece). Cook till tender. Make filling of breadcrumbs, herbs, finely chopped onions, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder, and spread this over prepared tripe to shape of roll. Secure with thread. Make gravy with 2 cups of water, salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, and thicken with flour. Place roll in baking-dish with little dripping. Pour gravy round, and bake 30 minutes. Add more water if necessary. Serve hot with fried apple rings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knights, 5 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

BREAKFAST PANCAKE

One lb. cooked potato, ½lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½oz. dripping, 1 tablespoon milk, salt and pepper.

Mash the potatoes with the mince meat, add salt, pepper, parsley, and the milk to make soft; heat fat in frying-pan and spread potato mixture on bottom to cover pan. Fry till brown and crisp on both sides. Voted great!

First Prize of £1 to Able-Seaman Kelly, Late R.N., 74 South Terrace, Adelaide.

LIVER PUDDING

Take a calf's liver and slice. Cover in a pledish with boiling, salted water, put into the oven for 5 minutes, then take the liver from water, lay it on dish to cool. Then put through a mincer with some lean ham or bacon. Add to the meat an equal quantity of breadcrumbs which have been slightly moistened with a little of the water in which the liver was stewed, and some chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice, a little grated lemon peel, mace, pepper, a little salt, and, if liked, a teaspoon of onion juice or a very small bit of garlic. Mix the whole together with two well-beaten eggs. Have ready a pudding basin lined with very thin slices of fat bacon or ham, put the mixture into it, and stew for 2 hours; or it may be baked in a tin lined with bacon. Serve with tomato sauce. It is very good cold, and makes a nice supper, breakfast, or picnic dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush West, N.S.W.

WAYS WITH ARTICHOKES

Artichoke Soup: Peel required number of artichokes and cook in salted water, adding small onion cut roughly. Mash through a sieve, return to pan, and thicken with cornflour. Then add milk to make the liquid the consistency of thin cream, re-heat, and serve with fingers of toast.

Artichoke Stew: Cut up 2lb. bladebone steak into neat pieces and roll in seasoned flour. Chop onion finely, scrape a carrot, and cut up several artichokes (previously washed and peeled). Just cover all with water and bring to the boil. Turn down heat and simmer gently for 2 hours, shaking pot occasionally. Before serving, thicken with 1 tablespoon cornflour and add 1 tablespoon of tomato sauce or little Worcestershire sauce, add pepper and salt to taste. Quantity of artichokes depends on individual taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Edna Ralph, 16 Dent St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

Making your own family cough remedy is one way you can save money. Just add a little of concentrated "HEENZO" to sweetened water and you make one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the very best ready mixed cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" costs only 2/- and you will be delighted with its flavour and the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest, and quickly relieves coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza.***

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OVER 100 PURE FOODS

Ready prepared and ready to provide entire mealtime enjoyment.

HOW LONG SHOULD A CHILD'S COLD LAST?

POOR TOMMY'S COLDS hang on and on—with nose stuffy, throat sore, coughing all the time. Tommy's mother doesn't neglect his colds . . . but she treats them with *part-way* remedies

BOBBY GETS OVER his colds quickly . . . thanks to having nose cleared, throat soothed, coughing relieved . . . all with one *thorough* treatment—a rub with VapoRub.

A RUB WITH VAPORUB ENDS COLDS QUICKER BY EASING ALL THESE MISERIES:

◄ STUFFY NOSE
◄ SORE THROAT
◄ TIGHT CHEST
◄ COUGH

VICKS VAPORUB

When your child has a cold, his nose, throat, and chest are ALL in trouble . . . or in danger. So use the thorough, *faster* treatment that clears stuffy nose, soothes sore throat, relieves coughing and "loosens" chest tightness *all at one time*. Just rub him with Vicks VapoRub.

Healing vapours, released from the VapoRub, are inhaled straight to the clogged, irritated air-passages—which *only* vapours can reach direct. And, at the same time . . .

Like a warming poultice, VapoRub "draws out" tightness in throat and chest, helping the vapours to break up the cold.

NOW 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Grow your own POTATOES

WHEN preparing soil for potatoes dig deeply and incorporate plenty of old, decayed manure, for the plants have large bodies and "big feet," and require a fair amount of support.

Select seed potatoes that are moderately large but well formed—not miserable little "chats" of marble size. If they need cutting, take out the eyes on blocky pieces rather than wedge-shaped. If good seed potatoes are scarce and expensive they may be cut to single eyes, but two are better.

Drop the seed in hoed furrows which are 2ft. apart. Space the seed pieces about 12ins. apart in the rows and cover with 4ins. of soil in heavy land and 6ins. in lighter, sandier, or alluvial country.

Growth will begin as soon as the soil becomes warm enough, and cultivation should begin as soon as the plants appear above the ground. It should then continue throughout the growing period, the plants being well hilled up when about eight to 10ins. tall. Care should be taken not to break down the tops during cultivation, or spiking or otherwise injuring the tubers as they form.

Hilling has several advantages. It prevents the tops being blown about by rough winds, materially adds to the yield because tubers often form on the stems covered over, prevents potato moth gaining access to exposed tubers.

Potatoes can be sown during June-July-August in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth. Even September sowings produce good crops where the soil is well manured and cultivated.—*Our Home Gardener.*

Is there a MAZDA in the house?

It was the light that failed in the Officers' Mess which caused A.C.W. Jenkins to make a crash landing into the Squadron Leader. The young officer can't keep striking matches—"Will the fellow who's fetching that MAZDA make it snappy!"

WARTIME MORAL

Do not switch lights on unnecessarily. Economise by using dependable pre-tested MAZDA electric lamps of the correct wattages—they stay brighter longer. Invest the money you save in War Saving Certificates.

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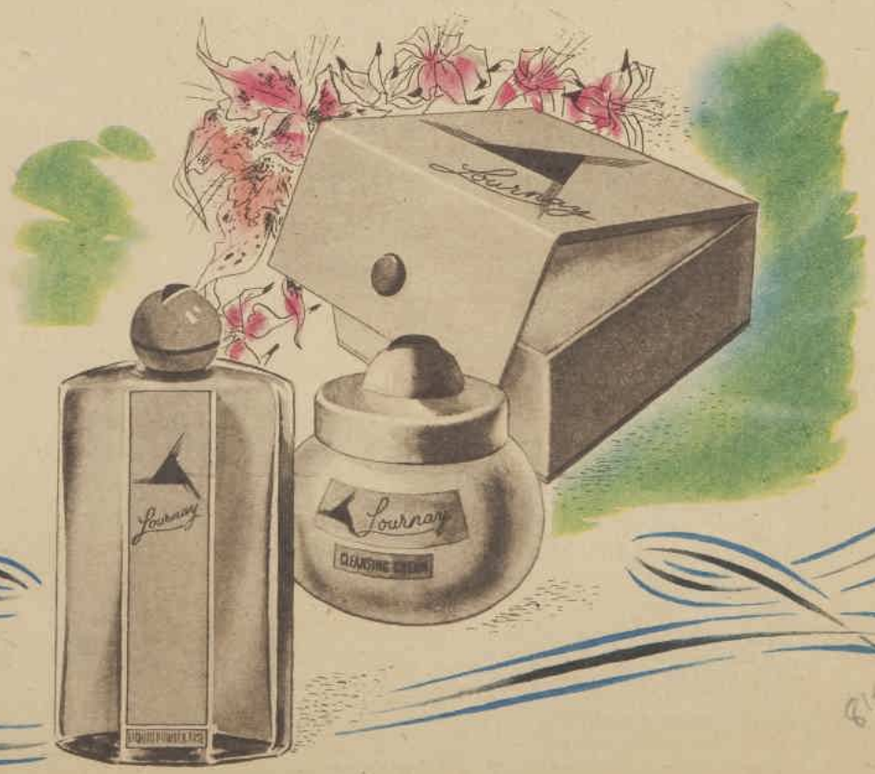

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